

THE IMPALING HOUSE

Written by

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OVER BLACK:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Lucy. Lucy, Lucy, Lucy... my
`diamond in the sky...

RAINFALL in the background.

FADE IN:

A TAPE RECORDER'S RED LIGHT indicates it's recording. The MINI TAPE WHEELS spin the magnetic tape around and round.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Let's stop pretending. I know I'm a
disappointment to you... I'm
worthless, pathetic...

EXT. THE FINE CUT STEAKHOUSE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

RAIN pours down hard. PEDESTRIANS hurry by trying not to get wet. Some hail taxis. Cars WHOOSH pass.

The city is a blur except for one FIGURE: He's still, stands just outside large windows watching the dining patrons inside.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
...Let's speak the truth for once.
The truth will set us free... free
from ourselves...

CLICK--

INT. THE FINE CUT STEAKHOUSE RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

It's a high-end establishment, candle lit, fine dining.

CLASSIC MUSIC plays as low murmurs from couples laugh and giggle at their tables.

LUCY LANCING, 42, a mother who is gifted with looking ten years younger than her age. Despite the recent years of depression and stress. Laughs involuntarily but is quick to catch herself from showing any signs of having fun.

TIM LOCKHEED, 45, charming and handsome -- well as charming as a lawyer can be that is -- finishes his charming story...

TIM

She just took off. Left me holding the starving, dirty, thing. And I had a court case to get to in an hour.

LUCY

So what did you do?

TIM

What could I do? I took the feline home, gave it a bath and fed it. Now I'm constantly vacuuming up after the furry devil.

LUCY

Poor Tim. Well, I in fact love cats. And admire a man who would risk a good suit rescuing one.

TIM

That was a damn good suit. And I lost the case.

LUCY

Because of the cat?

TIM

No. 'Cause I'm a terrible lawyer.

They both laugh. Lucy becomes less apprehensive to smile.

LUCY

It's nice to be out with someone with a sense of humor. It's been a while. Thank you.

TIM

I think that's a travesty. It's bloody time you learn to enjoy life again.

Lucy, wonders if that's even possible. She takes a sip of her wine as Tim places his hand on Lucy's free hand.

TIM (CONT'D)

Look, Lucy, I don't want to rush things, but at the same time I'm very interested in you.

This puts Lucy on the spot...

LUCY

Tim... you're a good person. But I need to be careful. I hope you understand. So maybe it's best we didn't rush things. Not to say I don't want something between us in the future. But I need to take it slow at the moment. Real slow.

Tim smiles. Takes his hand off Lucy's hand and nods with acknowledgement of her needs.

DAVID LANCING, 43, walks up to their table, soaking wet from standing in the rain. The "FIGURE" that was looking in.

Lucy and Tim look up at him. His face blank. He's dripping.

LUCY (CONT'D)

David?

David looks at Tim then to Lucy with a glazed over stare.

LUCY (CONT'D)

David, what are you doing here?

David pulls out a revolver from his pocket.

LUCY (CONT'D)

David?

David puts the revolver in his mouth.

LUCY (CONT'D)

David!--

David squeezes the trigger--

BANG!

CUT TO:

BLACK.

FADE UP:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

David's eyes flutter open at the bright lights, he squints as he surveys the room: A typical single hospital room.

He spots BROOKE, 7, his beautiful daughter with Lucy through the open door out into the hall.

Lucy speaks to someone David can't see, they're obscured by the door frame.

A HAND from the obscured person reaches into view to give an item to Lucy-- the TAPE RECORDER.

David tries to speak, but can't.

Lucy takes the recorder after a few moments, then ushers Brooke along. They're gone.

David notices a greeting card resting on his bed. He opens it. In a child's writing it reads: "I hope you get better soon, Dad. I miss you. Love Brooke"

David presses the card to his chest, he presses his head back into the pillow. Tears stream. He passes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DR. SPARROW'S OFFICE -- DAY

DOCTOR SPARROW, 40's, sits across from David, who looks a little better but still in his hospital garb.

Next to David is Lucy. The three of them stare at each other in silence, then Dr. Sparrow speaks.

DOCTOR SPARROW

(to David)

Why don't we start with how you are currently feeling.

DAVID

I feel like shit. Inside and out.

DOCTOR SPARROW

Aside from the physical discomfort, is there anything in particular that is making you feel like "shit"?

DAVID

(not taking it seriously)

Nothing particular, more like broad strokes of shit really.

LUCY

(to Dr. Sparrow)

He's doing this to himself. Alcohol, drugs. He lost his practice because of it. He lost our-

-

DAVID

Don't you fucking say it. Don't you dare say it.

Lucy turns away from David.

DOCTOR SPARROW

Mrs. Lancing. Not to offend, but I would prefer to hear David tell me in his own words.

LUCY

Sure. Let him speak for himself. I'd love to hear what he has to say.

DOCTOR SPARROW

Let's go back and unpack something Lucy just touched on. You had a daughter?

DAVID

Have. Yeah.

DOCTOR SPARROW

It's been a year since the incident?

DAVID

I don't know. Sure. A year sounds right.

DOCTOR SPARROW

Would you care to share with us what happened that day she went missing?

DAVID

No. Not really.

LUCY

I can tell you exactly what happened--

DAVID

(re: Lucy)

Does she really have to be here?

DOCTOR SPARROW

No... she doesn't... would you prefer that she wasn't?

DAVID

Yeah.

Doctor Sparrow looks over to Lucy. Who's in shock and disgust that she's being kicked out.

DOCTOR SPARROW

(to Lucy)

Mrs. Lancing, would you mind waiting outside?

LUCY

I was hoping we could discuss...

DOCTOR SPARROW

Of course. However, now might not be the best time.

Lucy with a sigh grabs her coat and purse and storms out.

Now just the two of them, Doctor Sparrow turns back to David.

DOCTOR SPARROW (CONT'D)

David, I'm not here to judge. I'm here to help you. It's clear you are suffering from traumatic events in your life. Guilt, blame. Frustrated with feeling helpless. Confused. Alone. Attacked. Struggling to make sense of it all. It'll take time but I can help you. Help you make sense of it. As long as you are willing to be open to my help.

David stares off out the window.

DOCTOR SPARROW (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You will be discharged soon. But it doesn't mean it has to be the end of our sessions together. Is that something you would be interested in? David? David?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

David walks out from the sliding doors. Sees MARCO, mid 30's, Lucy's younger brother, leans against his new PORSCHE 911. He pulls off his aviator glasses.

MARCO

Well if it isn't the walking dead.

DAVID
She sent you to pick me up?

MARCO
She couldn't make it.

David stares, incredulous of Marco.

Marco becomes disquiet.

MARCO (CONT'D)
C'mon hop in.

INT. PORSCHE 911 (TRAVELING)-- MOMENTS LATER

They drive in silence. Marco fiddles with the radio. Weaves in and out traffic, then finally lands on a station.

MARCO
Sooo... they said you should be a vegetable with a head wound like that. They actually said you should be dead with a wound like that.

DAVID
Well I'm not.

MARCO
Did you feel anything? When you...

DAVID
No. I felt nothing. Just a smell.
The smell of sulphur.

Marco passes a turn off. David is quick to notice.

Marco can feel David's gaze on him as he forces himself to stare straight ahead at the road.

DAVID (CONT'D)
She doesn't want me back at the house?

MARCO
(ignoring David's question)
Pam and I bought this nice little piece of property up in the northern part of Oregon. Old, but big, but old. Pam's been dreaming of running a B'n'B or some shit.
(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

We haven't gotten around to fixing it up yet. We got a killer deal for it though--

DAVID

Where we heading, Marco?

MARCO

Well... tonight I thought maybe it'll be good if you stayed in our guesthouse.

DAVID

You thought it would be good? Or did she tell you. Being the slave to your big sister that you are. Doing her errands, being her messenger boy.

MARCO

Fuck you, David. Don't be an asshole. She doesn't know how to deal with this situation. And I honestly believe this would be good for you as well -- for both of you. Let a bird go and if it comes back to you-- that sort of thing.

DAVID

That's a load of shit.

MARCO

You know who's really suffering from all this. Brooke. Neither of you are doing your best to make sure she's okay, in my opinion. I mean you still have that little girl to be a fucking parent to. And all she wants is her dad in her life, man.

Marco Speeds past some cars.

David stares out the window.

DAVID

And I'm suppose to -- what -- live in your guest house until I become dad of the year and Lucy takes me back?

MARCO

Well for starters, yeah. That sounds like a fucking grade A plan.

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

Getting your shit together. I think you should get out of this mad city for a while, get some fresh air, some peace and quiet. Recoup, you know? Let's do whatever needs to be done to... to fix this, man.

DAVID

So not even at your guesthouse but cast away to this little B'n'B of yours?

MARCO

I know. I know it might feel like that, but you're not... and well you don't got alotta choices at the moment, man. It's the only thing you can afford right now -- free rent and board.

David stares out the window, a grim expression weighs heavy on his face.

Marco looks over at him, then back to the road.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Serious man, it'll be for the best. And it's not like it's permanent or anything. Give it time. She'll take you back. I promise.

DAVID

Fine.

MARCO

I'm glad you're alive, man. I hope you are too.

A SIREN goes off along with the red and blue lights of a patrol car behind Marco. Indicating for Marco to pull over.

Marco looks in his rearview mirror.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Shit.

David continues to stare off.

INT. LANCING HOME/MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Lucy sits on her bed in the dark, weeping. Her door swings open allowing the light from the hall to spill in.

At the doorway stands Lucy's daughter in silhouette.

Lucy wipes her cheeks. Tries for some normalcy in her voice.

LUCY

Did I wake you sweetie? I'm okay.
Nothing to worry about.

No response.

Lucy turns to grab a tissue from the other side of her bed.

As she looks back to the door -- her daughter is gone.

Then:

A scream comes from farther down the hall -- Brooke's room.

Lucy scurries towards her daughter's room.

BROOKE'S ROOM

Lucy swings open the door -- Brooke sits up, sweaty and crying. Lucy goes to her side.

LUCY (CONT'D)

What's wrong -- what happened?

It takes Brooke a few moments to get a long enough of a break between her hyperventilating.

BROOKE

You... died... mommy... I...
hurt... you. I... hurt... you
mommy.

Lucy holds Brooke in her arms, gently rocks with her back and forth in bed and kisses her forehead.

LUCY

I'm not hurt. I'm not hurt, baby.
I'm right here. I'm right here. You
didn't hurt me. Look. I'm just
fine.

As Lucy continues to hold Brooke, she peers over at a second bed in the room. It's made up nice and tidy with girly like bedding, but it's empty and cold.

Lucy can't take her eyes off it.

HALL -- LATER

Finally with Brooke back asleep. Lucy gently closes her door and leans against the wall.

She stares at the doorway to her bedroom. Complete darkness lays just beyond her doorway.

After a few moments she moves back into her room. Into darkness.

BLACK VOID

Then: a white dot appears. It becomes larger and larger until it becomes clear as to what it is...

EXT. OREGON STATE - COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

A birds-eye view of a white SUV traveling along a winding road flanked by never ending evergreens. Rain droplets hurl downwards, millions of them.

INT. SUV (TRAVELING) -- CONTINUOUS

Rain PELTS the windshield. Wipers SCRAPE and SQUEAK back and forth on repeat.

HAND: Tunes a radio dial, lands on a news station.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

(filtered)

Rain fall can be expected for most of the week as we head into what's shaping up to be a very wet fall for Falls City and most of Oregon, and even wetter winter. So dig out your rubber boots, umbrellas and rubber duckies people. Stay dry and drive safe.

The hand belongs to David. He wears a baseball cap that covers his head bandage underneath.

On the seat next to him is a map. Written on the map: "ELIZABETH BELL" and date: "November 13th, 3:00pm". FALLS CITY, OREGON.

In the back seat is a small box filled with:

MISSING PERSON FLYERS

Photo of a young girl. Written in bold letters under it: "NATALIE LANCING.

LAST SEEN OCTOBER 21st 2014, AGE 10, WEARING A RED JACKET, RED BOOTS, PINK HAT, PINK SCARF WITH RED HEART PATTERN".

As David drives -- a SMALL GIRL in a red jacket runs out in front of the SUV.

DAVID

OH SHIT!

David swerves -- THUD -- then SCREECHES to a stop.

The car idles in the middle of the road.

David, with panic, looks in his rearview mirror -- an ANIMAL limps pass to the side of the road.

He whips his head around to look through the back window -- no girl just an animal.

He steps out of the SUV.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

David looks all around and under the car. Nothing. He then approaches the injured animal.

A wolf lies on its side with a mangled leg, its fur wet and matted with blood.

David stands over it and stares into its glossy black eyes.

It WHIMPERS.

David looks around. He goes back to his car.

Comes back with a tire iron. Studies the creature for a few more moments -- then bashes its head in with the tire iron.

MOMENTS LATER

David's SUV pulls back onto the road and continues on. A paper has been stapled to a telephone pole: The MISSING poster with the face of NATALIE LANCING on it quickly becomes wet from the rain.

EXT. PIKE MANOR/FRONT GATE -- DAY

David's SUV pulls up to the large iron gates that guard the property. He pauses next to another car that idles.

ELIZABETH BELL, an attractive woman in her 40's, gets out of her car. She holds a newspaper over her head a make-shift umbrella. She gives a bright smile and waves to David.

He rolls down his window, she leans into the window.

ELIZABETH
Mr. Lancing?

DAVID
You're Ms. Bell?

Elizabeth passes her hand through the window.

ELIZABETH
It's a pleasure. Call me Liz.

David shakes the wet hand. Elizabeth notices the box of missing posters in the back seat.

DAVID
A pleasure, Liz.

Elizabeth turns back to David.

David notices with the close proximity a large scar that traces along her cheek to her chin. Skillfully, but not totally, concealed under makeup.

Elizabeth, conscious of his gaze on her, backs out into the rain again.

ELIZABETH
Let me get the gate.

David watches Elizabeth unlock the chains and then struggle to push open the rusted and crippled gates.

Yeah, she's not half bad looking. Nice body. David can't help but eye her.

She finally gets the gate open and gestures to David to drive through.

David proceeds through the gates and towards the old mansion of the Victorian era.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PIKE MANOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Grimy windows shield the old and empty house from the outside world -- or perhaps the outside world from it.

FRONT DOOR

A KEY TURNS, the LOCK disengages, the door opens. David and Elizabeth enter onto a large foyer.

Elizabeth shakes the water off her newspaper and herself before stepping in.

ELIZABETH

Rainy all week and I still forgot
my darn umbrella -- are you a
believer?

DAVID

In what?

ELIZABETH

Climate change.

DAVID

Oh. Yes. Yes I am.

ELIZABETH

Good. Because it's real. And in
typical Lizzy fashion, I forgot my
umbrella at home. Who can really
prepare for the end of the world, I
guess. Ha.

Elizabeth's attempt at humour falls flat as her wet hair.

David nods with a smile anyway, then proceeds to take in the large, old house.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Well anyway, when Mr. Alcon --
Marco, mentioned you were coming, I
had a person come in last week to
do maintenance and cleaning. So
everything should be in working
order. Electricity, heat, running
water... the real renovations
aren't scheduled until June.

Elizabeth gestures to the large house.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

So you got the basics but no frills
I'm afraid. No internet or phone
line -- you have a cellphone,
right?

David nods yes. Elizabeth turns to the enormous house

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Yep, so... this is the infamous
Pike Manor...

David peeks in a few rooms. Furniture are covered in white sheets. An office on his left then the massive living room to his right.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Do you know the history of the
house?

David turns to Elizabeth.

DAVID
History?... No, I'm afraid I don't.

ELIZABETH
Marco never mentioned anything
about the house to you?

David studies some paintings hung on the walls of the large staircase leading to the second floor.

Elizabeth studies his bandaged head under his ballcap.

DAVID
No. He must not have thought it too
important...

David turns back to Elizabeth.

DAVID (CONT'D)
but by the sound of your tone I
assume the house has a very
colorful history?

ELIZABETH
Are you religious at all?

DAVID
Just by childhood indoctrination.

Elizabeth is not sure if that's a yes or no...

DAVID (CONT'D)
No, not particularly.

They both smile.

ELIZABETH

It's local folklore really.
Actually the church wouldn't have
sold it if it wasn't for the
financial crash.

DAVID

The church owned this property?

ELIZABETH

Yup, up to about... a year ago.

They walk into the...

LIVING ROOM

Large rectangle discolorations line the walls. Ghosts of
paintings or pictures that once hung there.

David pulls off a white sheet from a piece of antique
furniture. Then another from a grand piano. Then walks over
to the large stone fireplace.

DAVID

So what happened here?

Elizabeth's cell BEEPS with a text notification. She reads
it. Then looks back up to David.

ELIZABETH

In a word; Cannibalism.

David smirks with an acute interest.

DAVID

Cannibalism?

Elizabeth's nods with a smile.

ELIZABETH

So the folklore goes. I was told
some crazy stories about this house
as a kid. Scared the beejesus out
of me. But also fascinated me as
well.

Her phone BUZZES again. She reads the text. Then holds out
the keys to David.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Actually I'd love to tell you more
but I don't have the time. Gotta
head back to the office... so I'll
leave you to it.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
But if you need anything, just
call. My number is on the
refrigerator.

DAVID
Whoah wait, you piqued my interest,
and now you're just going to leave
me hanging?

Elizabeth smiles.

ELIZABETH
So sorry about that. I'll tell them
to you some other time. I promise.
I really do have to get back.

David takes the keys. He smiles. They head to the door.

FRONT DOOR

David opens the door for Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
How long are you planning on
staying? Marco didn't mention.

DAVID
That all depends on Marco. I've
very little choice as to what
happens in my life at the moment.

ELIZABETH
I see.
(moving on)
If you find yourself getting a
little stir-crazy here. I know a
bar in town that has a trivia
night.

DAVID
Trivia. Thanks, I'll keep it in
mind.

ELIZABETH
Well it might not be as
sophisticated as your city folk's
Jeopardy, but it's a lot of fun.
Especially with a few drinks in ya.

They move onto...

EXT. PORCH

DAVID

(grins)

Alright I might give it a whirl, as long as you'll be playing?

Elizabeth stops, smiles.

ELIZABETH

I do like to put my noggin to the test... and sometimes the wrong answer is more interesting than the right ones. I'll see you later then?

DAVID

Yes, I hope so.

Elizabeth places the soggy newspaper over her head again as she ventures out into the rain and back to her car.

David watches her jump in. Waves good-bye. Then drive off.

David, now alone with the house, its door wide open; inviting him into its dark innards.

After a moment of taking in his new home, he goes to his car with a hurried pace, to off-load his belongings.

INT. FOYER -- CONTINUOUS

Something watches David through the open door as he gathers his things from the car in the rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

David pulls off another sheet from a large oak desk. He places his shoulder bag and laptop on the desk. Removes the sheet from a chair and flops down on it. Kicks up his feet and stares out the window, listens to the rain fall.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

David sits down at the piano. He blows up a cloud of dust from the keys.

David presses his finger on one of the keys, a badly tuned D-NOTE rings out like the cry of a wounded animal. David presses another one--

Then: The piano plays on its own accord, an old familiar but out of tune song.

David jolts up and backs away from the piano.

DAVID

Shit.

The piano keys are pressed by invisible fingers. They play fast and furious.

David watches this for a moment, then cautiously approaches the piano.

He reaches his hand out toward where he was just sitting. He waves his hand through thin air, no one sits there.

The piano stops playing.

David dumbfounded for a moment. He then steps closer, lifts up the cover to look inside...

He chuckles to himself --

There's a mechanical cylinder and pistons that are for a self-playing piano mechanism.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Fuck me. I need a drink.

David slams the lid down -- the piano starts to play again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CELLAR

David checks out a large rack of wine bottles. There's hundreds of them. All have no labels but look old and dusty.

He takes one out at random and uncorks it. He sniffs it. Then takes a small sip -- spits it back out immediately. He corks the bottle and puts it back.

He then notices a bottle wrapped in a linen cloth. On a antique red cabinet to the side. He plucks it out of the cabinet. Unwraps it to find a bottle of Scotch aged over a hundred years therein.

DAVID
(to himself)
Now that's what I'm talking about.

He breaks the seal and takes a sip. It's fucking good.

He takes another larger sip.

INT. ATTIC -- LATER

David opens the tiny door which leads into a rather large but low-ceiling attic. Dust and cobwebs adorn yellow stained sheets that cover piles of various items pertaining to the house.

David, while taking swigs of whisky, removes various sheets, until he comes across a stack of oil paintings leaning against the wall.

He flips through them. Mostly landscapes.

DAVID
(to himself)
Maybe there's some hidden treasure
up here to be claimed.

Takes a swig of whisky. As he flips from one painting to another.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Crap, crap, crap.

Another swig. Throws the sheet back over the paintings.

He then spots in the corner of the attic a totem carving of sorts. It stands about four feet. Appears to be made from ivory, or bone of some kind that has been blackened in color.

Carved into the center of it is a gigantic Devil Beast. It devours one man with its fanged mouth while another man is being shit out between its legs.

Surrounding the Devil are hundreds of smaller demons torturing other people in various cruel and demented ways. A grotesque depiction of hell.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

David drags the totem into his room by the window.

He leans in to study it under better light. He runs his hand over a section of the carving.

His fingers feel the bumps and crevices of a group of decapitated naked women. Their heads impaled on the tips of erect penis of demons who dance around the bodies.

DAVID
 (to himself)
 What do you thing the Antique Road
 Show would have to say about this?

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Hot water fills the bathtub.

David stands in front of the mirror. He unwraps the bandage from around his head. Inspects the stitching and bald patch where the bullet had exited his head.

David climbs into the tub, he submerges himself under water save for his nose and mouth.

The whisky bottle beside the tub.

The water dampens the sounds of the world, he can only hear the THUD-DUM, THUD-DUM of his heart beat.

He places a wash cloth over his eyes and meditates.

THUD-DUM-THUD-DUM, THUD-DUM-THUD-DUM.

A shadow crosses over David's covered face--

Then, a faint whisper--

VOICE (O.S.)
 (gargled)
 You little fucking bitch.

David snatches the wash cloth from his eyes and sits up in a fright, rubs his eyes clear of water so he can look around: he's alone.

DAVID
 Hello?

Silence.

David notices wet footprints on the bathroom tiles which lead out the bathroom door.

David grabs a towel and hops out.

He knocks over the whisky bottle as he does so, spills it. David puts it straight again.

Cautious not to step on the wet tracks, he follows them to the door, then opens it onto the:

UPSTAIRS HALL

David steps out from the bathroom. More wet tracks on the wood floor lead to a room at the end of the hall. The door wide open. Darkness waits on the other side of it.

David moves closer to the open door.

Now only a few feet from the door, the wet foot prints no longer are made of water but of blood-- David stops.

He stares into the void of blackness on the other side of the door frame. Not one centimeter of light exists beyond it.

David inches closer--

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(whisper)

Who the fuck do you think you are?

SWOOOOOSH -- BANG! The door slams shut with a force of a tornado wind.

David jumps back. His breath labored...

On the door itself is an eyehole slot with a sliding cover.

David tries the door handle. It's locked.

David unlatches the eye slot cover and slides it open: Impenetrable darkness is all there is beyond it.

A tiny, almost inaudible voice calls out from behind the door. In the darkness: A young girls voice.

GIRLS VOICE (O.S.)

Daddy!

David presses his face closer to the slot.

He holds his breath a moment...

DAVID

(almost a whisper)

Natalie?

David jiggles the handle -- frantic -- he pounds at the door.

David slams his body against the door. It won't budge. He slams it again, and again: nothing.

David stops. Sits on the floor and leans against the door. Tired. Light headed. He rests his head in his hands.

He spots something on the floor next to a pair of bloody footprints: a pink scarf with red hearts on it.

Then his bottle of scotch whiskey rolls out into the hall from the bathroom.

The overlap sound of RAIN...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. CITY/LIQUOR STORE -- NIGHT

RAIN pours down in buckets.

David calls out a name, not quite audible, his face strained, terrified, angry. His voice muffled.

He stands by his car. The passenger door wide open.

It's a shit-hole neighborhood, junkies, homeless, general degenerates meander about.

On the other side of the road are abandoned buildings. Shelter for these rejects.

David frantically searches around the car. Crosses the road toward the depilated structures.

The name becomes clear and sharp as it cuts through the low drone hammering of the rain like a knife through warm butter.

DAVID

Natalie!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. PIKE MANOR/MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT

David snaps his eyes open. He's soaked in sweat. He looks at his phone: **3:13am**

He brings his hand up to his mouth and wipes it. He gulps a dry gulp and sits up. He reaches out for a glass of water next to the bed, it's empty.

DAVID
(to himself)
Jesus.

He gets up and goes downstairs.

KITCHEN

It's a large kitchen.

David pours water into a glass from a water cooler. He gulps it down. Pours more, gulps that down.

He goes to the fridge and opens it. It's stacked from top to bottom with cutlets, steaks, copious amounts of red meat.

DAVID
(to himself)
Jesus.

MOMENTS LATER

David turns the knobs on the stove -- nothing -- he searches for some matches, finds them, brings a lit match to the stove top--

WHOOSH: The gas stove goes up in a mushroom of blue flame, then settles to a normal burn.

FRYING PAN

A piece of steak SIZZLES against the iron.

TABLE

David cuts into the steak, its interior still red and bloody. He moans with pleasure at its taste.

He cuts another piece and consumes it.

BEDROOM -- LATER

David lies on his back in an attempt to get sleep but can't. Instead he stares up at the ceiling at its intricately etched out patterns. Patterns that almost look like people, demons like on the totem.

LATER -- (DAY)

David lies in the exact same spot. He hasn't moved all night. Barely blinked and now it's day.

His glazed over eyes finally blink. He becomes aware that it's day. He looks at his cellphone clock: 10:15 AM

David pushes himself upright and sits at the edge of the bed.

He looks over at the totem. It appears to be larger; taller.

He gets to his feet and moves over to it. He studies it. Measures its height with his own. Indeed it does seem to have increased in size over night by a foot.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

David drags the totem next to the fire place. It's grotesque scene is in eyesight from every angle of the living room.

EXT. PIKE MANOR/GROUNDS -- DAY

The sun is out, which it hasn't been for weeks.

David takes in the vast property for the first time.

In the back lot is an expansion of trees. Acres of forested property.

WOODS

David enters amongst the tree. He walks along a path which leads him after a few minutes to the other side of the trees and onto a river...

CREEK

The sun glints off the stream which rushes with rain water creating quite a fast moving flow of water.

David scoops water with the cups of his palms and splashes it against his face.

He peers down in the direction of the current. A mist raises down the way, a rainbow reflected in the water droplets.

WATERFALL

David approaches the mist and the edge of a cliff. He peers over the edge onto a waterfall which drops about three-hundred feet straight down and crashes against rocks below.

He finds a bolder to rest on and looks out onto the majestic scenery. He basks in the sun, sucks in nature. It's peaceful, blissful, calming...

He's drawn to a scene which depicts a family; a mother and three children are all disemboweled and pieces of their flesh consumed by demons around a dinner table. There is also a father figure at the head of the table who also consumes his family's flesh.

The family's faces all have expressions of terror and silent screams on them.

David is compelled to run his fingers along the mother figure. He traces her bowels which rest beside her, then along her breasts.

As he presses his finger against the carving he inadvertently pushes a hidden button which unlocks a hidden drawer at the base of the totem.

Within that drawer is a stack of old papers. David pulls out what becomes clear are handwritten letters.

LATER

David stokes the fire with wood. Then sits on the sofa by the window for better light to allow him to read the letters.

DAVID

(to himself aloud)

October, 14th, 1903. My Dear Sister Grace. Time has become a peculiar entity to me. It has stolen six months from my life in a blink of an eye. Six months since I've returned from our missionary in Papa New Guinee. But Christ has never been more present with me than he is now. I think of that night often. A "Miracle" being the only appropriate word to describe it. A divine revelation.

FLASH BACK

EXT. PAPA NEW GUINEE - FIELD (CIRCA 1900) -- NIGHT

Multiple large canvas tents, and a small church make up the camp of the missionaries. A heavy tropical rain pours down, nearly extinguishes the torches that encircle the camp.

One particular tent stands out from the rest.

DAVID (V.O.)

The night my fever broke and you had nursed me to a full recovery.

(MORE)

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The very night you gave your body to me. Oh if only you could see the grand smile that adorns my face as I think fondly upon it now.

INT. ALBERT'S TENT

The sound of pounding rain against the canvas tents is like a rapid drum, or quick heart beats.

ALBERT PIKE, 50's, hunches over something. His hands dig into, but is out of view.

DAVID (V.O.)

Something within me awoke that wicket, stormy night. A passion I had never felt before, a burning in my loins so powerful. So enthralled to feel it again I revisit those moments in my mind over and over on repeat like a gramophone caught in a loop. How I savor the memory, but it, like all things decay with time, leaving the taste of your flesh, your sweat, and your tears, which tickled my tongue so seductively, to pale with every tick forward of the second hand. I have never had such a delicacy before.

Albert brings his blood covered hands up to his face. He smears the blood on his arms, shoulders and face. Then licks his bloody fingers.

DAVID (V.O.)

I believe it to have been your purity which made you so divine. The three weeks I was lost in the jungle and amongst the savages, I had only the thought of you and your purity as salvation to my sanity, and as my will to live. I took to a new perspective upon the world. I was given new meaning.

Albert dips his hands into SISTER GRACE, 24, young faced girl in a nun's habit and quite dead.

Her torso has been gutted, intestines lay next to her. Albert draws more blood from the gaping wound, covers himself in it.

DAVID (V.O.)

My hunger for life anew. And to you my sweet Sister Grace, I confess my undying love and affection. I hope you receive this letter post haste, and I look forward to your affections in turn. Sincerely, your dearest -- Albert.

Albert mounts on top of Sister Grace's dead body, he motions as if he is having sex with her open gut wound.

Albert's face strains with every thrust. Marked red with her blood.

A FLASH of lightning: Albert tense, he grits his teeth, red sweat moistens his brow as he thrusts harder.

FLASH of lightning: Albert's face is not Albert, but now is the visage of David thrusting, clinched teeth, covered in blood. SCREAMS in a fever of madness--

A KNOCK at a door--

BACK TO SCENE

INT. PIKE MANOR/LIVING ROOM (PRESENT) -- NIGHT

Back with David on the sofa. Fire ablaze in the hearth.

David looks up from the letters towards the door.

Another KNOCK.

David takes in his surroundings, surprised that it's night.

A KNOCK once more... He gets up and goes to the door...

ENTRANCE

David swings open the door to a large smile which belongs to Elizabeth. She holds up two bags of Chinese take out.

ELIZABETH

I was getting worried you might not be home.

Elizabeth holds up the "Take-out" bags.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I hope you're hungry.

David smiles in turn.

DAVID

Yes. Actually I am. Come on in.

Elizabeth enters.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Meet me in the living room. I'll get us something to drink with dinner.

Elizabeth nods. David heads off in the direction of the kitchen. She heads to the...

LIVING ROOM

The place looks different to Elizabeth, maybe it's the night, maybe the fire, but it looks more lived-in, cozy.

She then focuses on the odd totem.

BASEMENT/CELLAR

David snatches another bottle of scotch from the cabinet.

Something SLIDES across the floor in a room next to him. David spins to see what it was, but can't discern what made the noise.

He peers down a corridor towards the boiler room. He stares at a large and old red bookshelf at the end of the corridor, it feels out of place in the cramped area.

LIVING ROOM

Elizabeth moves over to the sofa, has a seat. She looks around the room. Catches sight of the "letters" on the table. She picks them up and glances at them.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Those are letters written by Albert Pike.

Elizabeth spins with a gasp. David comes in with the bottle of whiskey and two glasses in his hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Sorry.

ELIZABETH

No, don't be. I'm jumpy by nature. God, it's a bit embarrassing. Ha.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(then)
Letters?

DAVID

They were hidden at the bottom of that... I don't know what it is. A totem pole perhaps.

David gestures to the totem.

ELIZABETH

Looks more like a stela of sorts.

(off David's look.)

Carvings or reliefs on an erected piece of stone which depicts a story or decree or marking of territories -- Sometimes as a memorial of sorts. Like a tombstone. However I've never seen one like this. Well I've never seen one in real life anyway.

DAVID

That's quite an attractive brain you've got.

ELIZABETH

Well when you have as little of a life as I do. Books and documentaries about life help fill the gaps. Comes in handy for trivia nights.

Elizabeth puts the letters back on the table.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You read them?

DAVID

Obsessively. They're a fascinating read.

ELIZABETH

What do they say?

DAVID

They're letters he wrote to a nun. All of them addressed to her anyway. He had a real infatuation with her. aaaand... he was an incredibly sick and demented person. He gives recipes to some of his meatier dishes.

(smirks)

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Meat of a human nature. The
 colorful cannibalistic history of
 the place you must have been
 referring to.

Elizabeth's interest is piqued, she actually knows less than
 she had led on.

ELIZABETH
 I was more referring to Father
 Malik. He ran this place as an
 orphanage for a short time in the
 nineteen-twenties. Before he was
 caught killing and... well, eating
 a few of the children.

David sits next to her on the sofa. Puts down the whiskey and
 glasses on the coffee table.

DAVID
 You know, you kinda look like her a
 little.

ELIZABETH
 Who?

DAVID
 The nun. Sister Grace.

Elizabeth unconsciously strokes her finger along her scar.

ELIZABETH
 Why do you say that?

DAVID
 The way he describes her. In such
 detail. You match that description.
 (then)
 He killed her. Those letters... he
 wrote to her after he had killed
 her. Disemboweled her then ate her.

Elizabeth goes silent. She draws herself to the edge of the
 sofa. The statement creeps the shit out of her.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 I didn't mean it like that -- I was
 only saying -- I'm sorry. I
 shouldn't have said that.

Dave grabs the bottle.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(changes subject)
Over a hundred year old scotch. Can
you believe it. A hellva find.
Right down stairs. There's probably
a million dollars of art in the
attic, but this right here...

Shakes the bottle of scotch.

DAVID (CONT'D)
...is worth more to me right now.

David pours the whiskey into the glasses.

Elizabeth unpacks the Chinese food.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Thank you for the food.

David hands her the glass, she takes it. He gulps down his.

Elizabeth watches a little in amazement, then takes a sip.
She purses her lips at the bitter taste of it. Puts down the
glass. Goes for some food.

David pours himself another glass.

A moment of silence... then:

DAVID (CONT'D)
May I ask, hopefully without coming
off as rude, why you've dropped by?

ELIZABETH
I dunno. I thought I'd see how
you're making out in this place.
And food just seemed like a
neighborly thing to do.

David smiles. Raises his glass again...

DAVID
Well here's to neighborly acts of
kindness. Thank you.

Elizabeth picks up her glass, clinks it with David's.

David swigs the rest of the glass. Elizabeth puts her glass
down again.

Elizabeth then notices a red liquid run down the side of
David's neck and onto his collar.

ELIZABETH
What's that?

DAVID
What?

ELIZABETH
There's something dripping down
your neck.

David puts his hand to his neck, then checks his fingers;
blood coats them.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
You're bleeding. Are you okay?

DAVID
I feel fine.

ELIZABETH
Turn around, let me have a look.

Elizabeth inspects the back of David's head. She can see
where they patched up the bullet hole. Blood seeps from where
the stitching had once been.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Let me take you to the bathroom.
There's a first aid kit up there.

BATHROOM

David sits on the edge of the tub, as Elizabeth cleans the
blood away and dresses the wound with some fresh gauze.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Does it hurt?

DAVID
No. That area is numb.

She continues to dress his head in silence. David catches a
glimpse of her face in the mirror.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Is there a care taker that comes
around the house?

ELIZABETH
Nope. You're the only soul here at
the moment.

DAVID

What about the maintenance guy. The one before I came?

ELIZABETH

Not as far as I know. He was only here for a weekend to get things ready. And that was over a week ago. Why?

David keeps his eyes on her face.

DAVID

No reason.
(re: the scar)
How did you get that?

Elizabeth pauses. Moves some of her hair in front of her scared chin.

ELIZABETH

A childhood accident.

DAVID

How old?

She finishes up the wrapping. Keeps an eye on David.

ELIZABETH

I was twelve.
(then)
All finished.

She walks toward the hall. David admires her bandaging job.

DAVID

You're pretty good at bandages?

She turns back to him.

ELIZABETH

I was going to be a medic.

DAVID

What happened?

ELIZABETH

My mother got sick. I dropped out.

David goes to stand, but his balance is thrown off, he catches himself against the sink.

Elizabeth goes to help.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
C'mon. You need to lie down.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The fire burns, never dying it seems.

Elizabeth helps ease David to lie down on the sofa. He looks at her face, soft and warm in the light of the fire. The scar a point of interest for him.

Elizabeth moves away, rounds to the other side to sit on the chair next to the sofa.

DAVID
(re: the scar)
How did it happen?

ELIZABETH
It happened in this house actually.

DAVID
Here?

ELIZABETH
Ha, yeah. My mother told me these horror stories about this house. Urban legends I thought. Aimed to keep me and my friends away from here. But it only fanned the flame of my curiosity. So one weekend, staying over at my friend's house we decided to break in. It was night, and we knew no one lived in the house. But when we got down to it, my friends chicken out. They didn't want to go in. But I did. So I went alone. Thought I was going to find human remains or something gruesome. What I did find was a jagged piece of wood at the bottom of the stairs. I took a tumble and the piece of wood went through my cheek and split my chin wide open.

Elizabeth tries to hide her scar a little by playing with her hair.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Kids can be cruel. They'd call me Frankenstein, Scar Face. Made high school a living hell too. I was a freak show to them.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Boy, kids can be so cruel, you know? But after awhile you kinda get use to the loneliness of being a freak. Then you get older and realize that kids are just being kids. The little assholes they are.

Elizabeth chuckles a little.

David leans his head back and closes his eyes.

DAVID

I use to think that loneliness was when no one cared about you.

Elizabeth stops playing with her hair to listen.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You wanna know the truth? It's not just that no one cares or loves you, it's that you don't care or love any one. You're alienated and unhinged from your own humanity. Disconnected from anything meaningful. You find yourself in the dark places of loathing and resentment. Breathing in misery and pain like oxygen. Hatred and shame become the skin which you live in.

ELIZABETH

Is that why you tried to...?

David opens his eyes. Sits up. The sudden movement causes David to cradle his head in pain for a moment. Then once the pain subsides, he looks at Elizabeth.

DAVID

Marco told you?

ELIZABETH

He thought it important that I knew.

DAVID

To keep an eye on me?

David stares at Elizabeth with such intensity that his eyes could borrow a hole through her forehead.

Elizabeth shifts a little in her chair.

ELIZABETH

I... think... I think he wanted me to understand the situation.

DAVID

Situation? And what exactly is my situation according to Marco?

Elizabeth inches herself to the edge of her seat. Unconsciously putting herself on alert. Not quite knowing how to respond.

ELIZABETH

I don't know.

DAVID

He tell you about my daughter too?

After a moment of thought Elizabeth shakes her head.

ELIZABETH

No. He didn't.

David eases back against the sofa.

Then: David one-eighties emotionally-- breaks down and cries.

Elizabeth eases her alert posture and moves to the sofa next the David. She places her hand on David's arm.

David takes hold of her hand. Pushes back his tears. He draws himself upright again.

They lock eyes. He draws close. Something might just happen... Then:

Elizabeth breaks away.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I should get going.

David collects himself. He gains some of his poise back.

DAVID

Are you sure?

Elizabeth gathers her things.

ELIZABETH

Yes. I'm sure. I have to go. It's late... I'm sorry.

DAVID
Don't apologize. You've got nothing
to apologize for.

They share the silence for a moment.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'll see you later?

Elizabeth nods.

ELIZABETH
I'll check in on you-- soon.

Elizabeth gives a coy smile. Then exits.

After a few moments, and now alone. David sits back. He looks at the roaring fire. He looks at the totem, then at the fire.

He raises his hand up before him.

DAVID'S P.O.V - HIS HAND

He splays his fingers and thumb. The outline shape of his hand massages empty space against the fire backdrop.

BACK TO SCENE

David's eyes glaze over as if transfixed on something, the fire, his hand.

DAVID'S P.O.V - HIS HAND

His hand now massages a phantom female breast, young healthy breasts. His fingers fondle the nipple. Squeeze and pull at it. Palming and playing with one then the other...

His hand then slips downward. As it makes its way below the rib cage it slips into a gaping hole in the abdomen where her intestines and guts are exposed.

BACK TO SCENE

David's eyes go wide. Not with horror, but with titillation.

DAVID'S P.O.V - HIS HAND

David's hand penetrates her entrails. His hand bloody as he plays with the organs. Pulls them out of her like some demented magic trick.

BACK TO SCENE

THE TOTEM

Looms over David as he stares at the fire; alone. No woman in sight just David's outreached hand fondling thin air.

The center piece of "The Beast" carving: Eats one man whole-- the man's legs stick out of its fanged mouth. While "The Beast" squats and births another man-- his head and torso emerges from between its hooped legs.

The "birthed man" in close inspections resembles David.

INT. LANCING HOME/LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Brooke plays with her iPad as Lucy calls from the kitchen.

LUCY (O.S.)

Brooke, we're out the door in thirty minutes. Are you in your uniform?

Brooke ignores her mother. Concentrates instead on her game.

Lucy enters.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Brooke!

Brooke looks up.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I need you in your uniform. We're leaving in twenty minutes.

BROOKE

You said thirty?

LUCY

So you did hear me, huh? Go on.

Brooke SIGHS, puts down the iPad and heads to her room.

LUCY (CONT'D)

With an attitude like that it's gonna be hard to get your "being your best self" badge.

BROOKE

I don't care.

LUCY

I do.

BROOKE'S ROOM

Brooke goes to her closet and opens the door. Her Girl Scout uniform is on a hanger.

She reaches up and takes it down revealing -- NATALIE, 9, stands right in front of her -- startles her. Brooke SCREAMS and steps backwards.

Natalie stands still and pale as a statue in the closet. Stares, unblinking, at her younger sister.

Brooke recognizes who it is.

BROOKE

Nat?

NATALIE

Don't let Daddy take you into the
red room!

Lucy rushes into the room, sees Brooke.

LUCY

Are you okay, sweetie? What
happened?

BROOKE

Natalie is in the closet, mom.

Lucy spins her head towards the closet -- she's not there. Lucy looks back at Brooke.

LUCY

Baby, she's not there.

BROOKE

But I saw her!

Lucy goes to the closet. Pushes clothes aside. Ransacks the closet, tosses toys out of the way.

LUCY

Where? Where is she, Brooke?

Brooke begins to cry.

Lucy stops. Calms herself. Then kneels next to Brooke, brings her into her embrace.

LUCY (CONT'D)

She's not there, honey. She's not.

BROOKE

But she told me not to let daddy
take me into the red room. Mom. She
did!

LUCY

Daddy's not going be taking you
anywhere, sweetheart.

INT. MARCO'S OFFICE -- DAY

YOUNG WOMAN, 25, a god-gifted beauty in a form revealing skirt and blouse, bends over a seated Marco. Brushes up next to him as she points at color schemes, pallets and patterns in a décor scrapbook.

YOUNG WOMAN

This one would keep with a classic,
antique feel while having a dash of
modern sleekness. Modern
convenience meets simpler times.

Marco not looking at the scrapbooks, but at the woman.

MARCO

I like it. I like it.

The young woman knows that look in Marco's eyes. She gives him a lascivious smile. Then playfully slides her hand from his tie to his pants. Unzipping his fly.

YOUNG WOMAN

Why do I get the feeling I don't
have your complete attention.

MARCO

Oh you have my complete attention.

YOUNG WOMAN

Okay, I might have your attention,
but not your focus.

The young woman has her hand in Marco's zipper, she strokes bringing him to a state of excitement --

Lucy enters --

Marco yanks the young woman's hand from his crotch. Flustered, he attempts to gain some normality. Points at one of the color schemes.

MARCO

I definitely think this one would work. Yep. That's the one we should go with.

The young woman is much more poised. She smiles at Lucy.

YOUNG WOMAN/PAM

Hi Lucy.

Lucy not quite sure what she walked in on.

LUCY

Did I come at a bad time?

MARCO

No, no, no. We're just going over some... stuff for the B'n'B.

(To Pam)

We can pick this up later, honey?

PAM

I'll be in the office for another twenty minutes.

Pam leans over and kisses Marco on the cheek. Then leaves.

Marco discreetly adjusts himself the best he can.

Once Pam is gone, Lucy eyes Marco.

LUCY

You two seem to work very well together.

MARCO

She's the love of my life. Ya'know Dad would have dropped dead from shock if he knew a woman like that had married me.

Lucy frowns.

LUCY

If he hadn't already dropped dead, I guess.

Marco nods and sighs.

MARCO

True.

(then)

Is everything okay?

LUCY

Not really. David was given the papers to sign that morning he... shot himself. I didn't want to press the matter after that because of his delicate nature. But he's recovered now. Right?

MARCO

Physically I suppose, but...

LUCY

I need him to sign them, Marco... I need it to be over.

MARCO

Lucy, I was already the shit dealer of bad news when you kicked him out of his own house. You should have seen his face -- not good. Honestly I think the only thing that's keeping him together at the moment is hope. Hope that things will go back to being normal again. Are you sure you want to just give up on him, on the two of you?

LUCY

YES!

Lucy takes a seat, she cradles her forehead in her hands.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but whether he wants it to be or not it doesn't matter cause it's over for me. The marriage would have been over years ago. If it wasn't for Natalie's disappearance.

Lucy wipes the tears from her eyes.

LUCY (CONT'D)

I won't give up hope that she'll show up at my front door one day. But I know I need it to be finished with him.

MARCO

He loves you and he loves Brooke. He'll fight for custody.

LUCY

He'll lose. He has no money, no job, no mental stability. I spoke to his psychiatrist, they'll contest to that. He skipped the last few sessions in the hospital. He's a possible danger to himself and to Brooke. And I've practically been raising Brooke, and Natalie these last few years by myself. While he disappeared for days on drinking binges. You know all this, Marco. Why are you taking his side?

Marco moves around to Lucy's side.

MARCO

This might just push him over the edge.

LUCY

I think I'm just about to go over the edge myself.

MARC

Okay. Fine. I have to go up there in a few days anyway.

Lucy takes out a manila envelope from her purse and hands it to Marco. Marco takes it.

LUCY

Thank you.
(then)
Brooke thought she saw Natalie in her room today. She was convinced of it.

MARCO

Her imagination no doubt.

LUCY

She said that Natalie warned her not to let her dad take her into a red room.

MARCO

A red room?

LUCY

It felt really cold.

MARCO

What did?

LUCY

In the closet -- where Brooke said
Natalie was standing.

FLASH:

INT. LANCING HOME/BROOKE'S ROOM -- DAY

NATALIE stands in the closet. She stares unblinking straight ahead, her pupils are wide and dark. She's pale, with dark markings around her neck.

LUCY (V.O.)

Brooke said that she was so white,
like chalk. Except for her eyes,
they were black and that she had
black markings around her neck.
Like bruises.

BACK TO SCENE:

Lucy and Marco stare at each other.

LUCY

Why do think Brooke would have
imagined that?

MARCO

I don't know. Maybe it's her way of
coming to terms with the
possibility that her sister...
is...

Marco stops himself rethinks his words as he sees Lucy's expression.

MARCO (CONT'D)

...it's how she's dealing with the
loss of her sister, I suppose.

INT. PIKE MANOR/LIVING ROOM -- DAY

THE LETTERS

A drop of blood splatters onto the paper of the letters...

The inked script of Albert's written words bleed into the paper, mixed with the blood which now spreads from each bleeding letter until the page is soaked in red.

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.)
*Oh, what a delight this day as
 become Sister Grace. It took some
 considerable effort on my part to
 keep Ruth from entering the pages
 of my recipe book...*

INT. PIKE MANOR/BEDROOM (CIRCA 1900) -- NIGHT

RUTH PIKE, 15, a dirty, sweaty girl in a torn night gown,
 cowers in the corner of the room. Holds onto something for
 dear life in the crux of her arms.

A shadow casts over her as a figure approaches...

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.)
*My appetite for her flesh was
 immense. But I did manage to
 discipline it with the help of my
 feeble-minded wife, Appoline. She
 had for the first time become of
 use to me as the center piece of my
 now famous stew.*

The figure is that of Albert Pike. Naked. Creeps closer, he's
 arms reach outward. Ready to snatch the item out of his
 daughters arms.

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.)
*Appoline went quietly, as if she
 welcomed the idea of her flesh
 dissolving in my stomach, and her
 soul dissolved into mine. A loyal
 wife to the end. I do love her, as
 one loves a simple creature.*

Ruth tries to fight off Albert. Albert hits her repeatedly
 until she lets go.

The SCREAMS of a new born child erupt as the infant is now in
 the thin arms of Albert.

RED ROOM

Albert places the screaming newborn on his cutting table.

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.)
*Ruth was able to go to full term
 and deliver to me a glorious
 newborn child. My son. I leered
 upon him and saw that he was
 ignorant of death. Knew only life.
 Immortality.*

(MORE)

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*He was pure, unsullied. Holy meat.
I could not wait no more than three
days before I took him to my
preparation room. I was all a
tingle in anticipation of how his
meat would slide off the bone and
melt on my tongue being so tender.
So delicious...*

The last word rumbles off the tongue...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. PIKE MANOR/OFFICE (PRESENT) -- DAY

David sits at the desk. The letters splayed out before him.
His laptop opened.

The loud noise echoes through out the house.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The piercing throb of some invisible hammer hits hard against
concrete (or cleaver against bone) echoes in David's ear. It
pains him so much he must cover his ears.

DING.

A familiar "you've got mail" sound, clear as day comes from
David's laptop, cuts off the Bangs, like the timer on the
oven announcing the roast is cooked.

David uncovers his ear and looks at his laptop.

LAPTOP SCREEN

His mail browser has a single "1" in red over the e-mail
icon. The subject line reads: "THE CANNIBAL CATCH OF THE DAY"
and only a link is in the body of the e-mail.

David clicks the link.

A video pops up.

VIDEO WINDOW -- P.O.V OF HAND HELD CAMERA

Camcorder footage gives the view of the OFFICE (day) from the
angle of the hall, as it is now, except no one is in the
Office.

The camera pivots towards the front door...

ENTRANCE -- the door is open and through the door in the drive way is David and Elizabeth on the day they first met.

ELIZABETH

(filtered)

Well, I do like to put my noggin to the test... I'll see you later then?

DAVID

(filtered)

Yes I hope so.

Elizabeth gets into her car and drives off.

Once gone, David turns towards the house. He stares into the lens of the camera but does not see it.

The camera then spins a one-eighty and moves down the...

HALL -- Camera continues down the long hallway until it stops just before a door. Opens the door and moves down stairs...

BASEMENT -- The stone walls glisten with dew. The camera goes through another doorway. Then comes to one last door. A thick wooden door with a lock that bolts it shut.

A stained red HAND comes into frame. It holds a key. It inserts it into the lock and CLICKS it open.

The Hand then places the key on a near by boiler. Then returns to the door. It opens the door onto...

THE RED ROOM -- The walls are dark red. Glisten with some sort of moister. The camera reveals long knives, a cleaver, and skewers on a chopping table. Hooks line the ceiling --

Then the camera comes onto a YOUNG BOY, 10, he shivers, his shirtless back is to the camera. The red hand taps the boy on his head. The boy slowly turns. His pale youthful face with big frighten eyes stare into the camera.

The hand extends into frame again and wraps its fingers around the boy's throat and squeezes. The boy squirms with silent cries, gasping for air--

BACK TO SCENE

David slams his laptop shut--

He jolts back from the device, frighten of it.

He stares at the laptop for a moment. Then notices on the letters before him red droplets. Some of them smeared.

He brings his hand to the back of his head. Touches his wound. Brings his hand back in front of him -- blood smears his fingers.

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

David unwraps the blood soaked bandage. Takes a cloth, wets it then presses it against his head.

DAVID
(to himself in mirror)
Why won't you stop fucking
bleeding?

In frustration he yanks the mirror off the wall and throws it into the bathtub with a CRASH.

He takes a few deep breaths, calms himself, then puts the cloth to his head once again and sits on the toilet seat.

He looks over at the doorway to see the grey cat, the same cat from earlier. It sits in the hall looks right at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(to the cat)
What are you staring at?

The cat merely watches David.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You know don't you. You know what's
going on.

The cat doesn't move. David stands up to scare it off, but as he gets up too quickly he almost faints.

The cat wonders off.

David removes the cloth from his head. It's soaked with blood. David throws it against the wall with a splat.

David moves out into the hall.

HALL

The cat wanders into the room at the end of the hall. Disappears into the darkness which lays beyond the doorway.

David follows it into the dark room where he is swallowed up by the darkness as well.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

A grey, November sky, threatening to rain, hovers over a small gathering of about ten FOLKS in dark attire. All gathered around a freshly laid burial plot.

FATHER CANNON, 54, gives a small sermon.

FATHER CANNON

We gather together today to commit Gregory T. Howard to his final resting place. We gather to comfort each other in our grief and to honor the life Greg led. A life that was full of hope, happiness, laughter, and love... through good times as well as in bad he always would greet you with a smile that made anyone smile in return. He lived his life as an example to each and every person he met that love is an action, not just a feeling. And the practice of giving of ourselves is the truest way to honor God.

Elizabeth pulls up close to the grave site, gets out of her car. Clearly not dressed as a mourner. She stays off to the side to wait for the gathering to disband.

FATHER GREG

To be man means we face great losses in our lives. We must face the fact of death. But we don't need to face it alone. We have each other, and we can take comfort in the knowledge that it is a death only of the corporeal, and a glorious resurrection into the domain of our savior, the everlasting love of our lord's presence.

(in prayer)

Heavenly Father, we thank you for the glorious hope and for the great consolation concerning those who sleep in Jesus as believers in Christ. That our Lord Jesus Christ has prepared a place for those who have placed their faith in Him, and that the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The crowd disperses. Father Cannon heads towards his car when he spots Elizabeth approaching him.

ELIZABETH
Father Cannon.

FATHER CANNON
Lizzy. You received my message.

ELIZABETH
Yes. I was surprise to hear from you.

FATHER CANNON
Of course. I haven't seen you since your mother's passing. It would be nice to see you more often. Even if it's just a Sunday or two every few months or so.

ELIZABETH
Yeah. Maybe. I'm sorry, Father, I didn't quite understand your message.

FATHER CANNON
I do apologize I was in a bit of an excited state when I left it. Thank you for coming, though. I needed to speak with you in person--

RAIN interrupts their conversation as it pours down on top of them without warning. Father Cannon and Elizabeth scurry for shelter. Father Cannon motions for them to get into his car.

INT. FATHER CANNON'S CAR

FATHER CANNON
(re: the rain)
The Lord has it in for us this winter, it seems.

Elizabeth tussles the rain out of her hair with her hands.

ELIZABETH
Yeah perhaps he's got another flood in mind.

The rain pelts the windshield.

Father Cannon thinks this not a bad idea.

FATHER CANNON

Perhaps.

(then)

You knew Greg Howard?

ELIZABETH

Met him once. Strange to think that he's... gone though.

FATHER CANNON

He did maintenance up at the Pike place I understand.

ELIZABETH

Yeah. That's where I met him.

FATHER CANNON

How long was he in that house for?

ELIZABETH

Two -- three days. He worked fast. Why?

FATHER CANNON

Not many people knew this about Greg, but he had an addiction to gambling. His wife left him with the children quite a few years ago because of it... and at the time nearly took his own life. Sadly, but perhaps for the best that he succeeded this time.

Elizabeth is shocked by this remark.

FATHER CANNON (CONT'D)

In his suicide note he described an obsession he was having with...

(a little uncomfortable)

...killing, cooking, and eating his family for supper. In great detail he described how he would do it. He loved his wife and children with every fiber of his heart and soul-- I know this to be a fact. In his note he says these thoughts were getting stronger and stronger, more invasive, taking hold of him. He was afraid. Afraid he would act out these fantasies. They found a room in his apartment that resembled a homemade butcher's room.

(MORE)

FATHER CANNON (CONT'D)
 Blood coated every wall of it.
 Thankfully it was only animal blood-

Elizabeth listens on pins and needles--

A KNOCK on the window sets her into a jump.

ELIZABETH
 Oh god!

FATHER CANNON
 I'm sorry. Excuse me a moment.

Father Cannon rolls down the window a crack as to not allow too much rain to spill in. A HAND from an UNIDENTIFIABLE MAN slips a letter through the opening. Father Cannon takes it.

FATHER CANNON (CONT'D)
 (to the man)
 Thank you.

The Unidentifiable Man walks away. Father Cannon rolls up the window again.

FATHER CANNON (CONT'D)
 What I'm trying to tell you is...
 this began after being in that
 house. I understand that you're
 looking after the place now. And
 that someone is currently staying
 there.

Elizabeth looks at the letter in Father Cannon's hand. Then back up to Father Cannon.

ELIZABETH
 Yes. David Lancing.

FATHER CANNON
 This concerns me greatly. I know
 that house never frightened you,
 even as a child. But it should. You
 have the scar to prove it. That
 house was never meant to leave the
 church's care. The stories you've
 heard about Albert Pike and of
 Father Malick are regrettably true.
 An evil entity possesses those
 walls. Feeds on the meek. Twists
 love into depravity. Consumes the
 flesh and the souls of men.

Father Cannon extends his hand, holds the letter toward Elizabeth. Elizabeth looks at it again.

FATHER CANNON (CONT'D)
It's for you.

ELIZABETH
What is it?

FATHER CANNON
It's Greg's suicide note. A photocopy of it anyhow.

ELIZABETH
And why are you giving it to me, Father?

FATHER CANNON
It's affectionately addressed to you.

Elizabeth, stunned, only stares at it. Father Cannon motions the letter for her to take.

FATHER CANNON (CONT'D)
I'm hoping you can help make sure there will not be another tragedy because of the evil influences of that place. I'm hoping you can help the church correct this mistake.

Elizabeth takes the letter. Looks to Father Cannon, unsure of herself as what she is suppose to do.

INT. PIKE MANOR/BASEMENT -- DAY

RAIN pounds the roof of Pike Manor like an African drum.

David's silhouette towers above the staircase leading down into the basement.

He flicks on a light which illuminates his face. Eyes glazed over. His shirt stained with his blood. He proceeds downward.

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.)
I watched my youngest son, Albert Jr. With tearful eyes and shaky knees make their way down the steps to the cellar where I had called for him. I give praise to my progeny for being such proper and obedient children. They always do as I say.

David follows the similar path as the video earlier had. He steps through one door and goes down a narrow stone corridor until he reaches the boiler room.

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.)

As Albert junior stood still, feet planted firmly to the ground just before the threshold of my preparation room. He noticed my clothing, folded neatly on a rack just to the right side of him.

David comes to a bookshelf filled with old Bibles. Just to the side is an old wooden rack.

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.)

I do this so I do not get any stains on them. What wonders blood may do for the skin, Sister, it does the opposite for clothes. However, I have found I preferred the natural state, as the savages did. There is an intimacy to prepping the boy this way. Adorning nothing other than my instruments.

David looks around the bookshelf. Behind it. He shoves the bookshelf with all his might. Doesn't budge. He throws all the Bibles to the floor. Pushes against the bookshelf again. This time he manages to pry it away from the wall.

He reveals a doorway which has been boarded up.

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.)

When the boy, in due time, traversed into my domain. He saw me, his father, naked. I extended my arms out to him and told him to come to me. And he did.

David looks around at the junk in the boiler room and finds an old hammer. He uses it to pry off the boards.

Now the door is unobstructed. One last challenge blocks his entrance. The pad lock on the door.

A thought comes to him. He moves to the boiler he saw in the video and sure enough on top lies a key covered in dust.

David picks up the key -- but burns his hand on it -- he drops it. The boiler had heated the metal.

DAVID

Son-of-a-bitch!

David cautiously picks up the key.

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.)

Sister, I must confide in you my secret to prepping the most delicious part of the body to eat, the buttocks. A nice rump roast. I take a paddle, one of my own design preferably, and I whip the ass until it is red and bloody tender. You must, and I can not emphasize this enough, you must do this while they are still alive.

He goes back to the door, inserts the key, unlocks the door. He pushes on the door which CREAKS open.

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.)

The spice which I add to all my lovely meals, in various degrees, is pain. This is what makes the flavors of the meat taste truly divine. I truly taste god, Sister. I taste Jesus, as he was whipped and nailed to the cross. I drink his blood. I eat of his flesh. As he was God's child and we are all his children. I have become one with the father, the son and the holy spirit. I am life... and death eternal.

David passes through the door.

THE RED ROOM

David shivers as he enters. The chill of the room makes his breath visible.

The light from the boiler room is all that illuminates the large, bare square room.

David searches for a light switch on the wall. As he feels for one his hand sticks to the goeey wall.

He then sees a chain hanging from the center of the room. He reaches out and yanks on it. The lights turn on--

David instantly sees the walls are slick with thick, red blood. Which drips and oozes down as if the walls were perpetually bleeding.

FLASH

A blade slashes ALBERT junior's small neck. Blood sprays from his artery, hits Albert Pike's face and coats the walls.

BACK TO SCENE

David cringes at a pain in his head. He drops to his knees.

He looks up at a large chopping table in the center. On it is a FEMALE BODY.

David gets to his feet again. Moves towards the table and the female body on it, which has her arms and legs cleanly cut off and placed next to the torso. Cut neatly in pieces.

As David gets closer it's clear to him who it is:

Lucy, his wife. David looks down at Lucy's face, pale white, drained of all blood. He strokes her hair. Touches her cold skin--

Her eyes pop open and stare directly at David. David eases backwards from her unblinking gaze. He backs up towards the exit.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE 2

INT. DAVID'S CAR (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

Heavy rain pounds against the windshield which puts the wipers to task and into overdrive to keep a clear view.

Natalie sits in the back seat. She holds a mini-tape recorder in her hand, her eyes are wet and she screams at her father...

NATALIE

You never let me stay over at my friends. Why can't I stay over!?

David in the front, tries to keep control of the car as he fights with his daughter.

DAVID

'Cause you're too young for a sleep over. When you get a little older. And that's the last time I'm going to say it.

NATALIE

I'm old enough! Becky sleeps over at our house all the time.

DAVID
Well you're not Becky.

David finishes off the contents of a flask with a deep swig.

NATALIE
I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!
I'm telling mom you're drinking
again. You're not suppose to be
drinking.

DAVID
Stop it right now, Natalie! You're
not going to tell your mother.

NATALIE
Yes I am.

David spots a liquor store and decides to pull in.

He pulls up into a parking spot. He turns to Natalie. With
rage.

DAVID
You will not fucking tell her! You
understand!

Natalie goes quiet. Afraid to respond. Tears just behind her
eyes.

David shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Stay here, I'll be right back.

EXT. CITY/LIQUOR STORE -- MINUTES LATER

David exits the liquor store. He takes a quick swig out of a
bottle in his grocery bag.

He then jogs towards the car trying to dodge the rain. As he
approaches the car he can see the back car-door is wide open.
The backseat empty.

David calls out for his daughter...

DAVID
Natalie!

His face strained with panic and anger.

It's a shit-hole neighborhood. Junkies, homeless, general
degenerates meander about.

David spots across the street an abandoned building.

ABANDONED BUILDING

David frantically searches around the concrete skeleton of the building. A HOMELESS man finds shelter in a corner of the structure.

David shakes the homeless man for information. But gets none. He screams out a name over and over and over...

DAVID (CONT'D)
Natalie! Natalie! Natalie!

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. PIKE MANOR/LIVING ROOM (PRESENT) -- NIGHT

David's eyes are open as he lies motionless, sprawled out on the sofa. So still one might think he's dead. Then he stirs.

He sits up. Checks his head. It's not bleeding.

The fire roars and crackles in its hearth.

David checks an empty bottle of scotch, but there's nothing left. He sighs in disappointment.

The totem stands tall and erect with it's depiction of Hell.

A CLINKING and SCRAPING noise echoes through out the hall and into the living room.

David gets up. He walks to the hall, looks about. The noises still present and a little louder.

HALL

He follows the noises until he reaches the door to the dining room. David pushes the sliding doors open to reveal--

An OLD MAN, sits at the head of the table, his back to David. He is the cause of the noise.

David steps into the dining room

DINING ROOM

It looks as it would have in its salad days: circa 1900's. Hundreds of candles illuminate the elegant room.

A long dining table is fully set with silverware and fine china. At the center of the table is a very large silver tray with cover.

The old man is completely hairless and naked. His skin is covered in sweat. He glistens from the candle's luminance as He cuts his meat on his plate.

The Old man takes the piece of raw meat and shovels it between his thin lips.

David rounds the other side to get a look at him.

ALBERT PIKE is the man SCRAPING at his plate as he eats another slice of red meat. Seemingly not to notice David... then he looks up...

ALBERT PIKE

You must be hungry, boy. Have a seat. You're putting my nerves on edge standing there.

David sits. An empty plate in front of him.

DAVID

You're Albert Pike?

ALBERT PIKE

And you are David Lancing.

DAVID

I've read your letters.

ALBERT PIKE

Yes. I know.

DAVID

Did you really do those things?

Albert smiles: poorly kept teeth are blackened and stained with dark blood.

ALBERT PIKE

I've seen your little one. A lovely looking girl. She is.

DAVID

Brooke?

ALBERT PIKE

No. The other one.

An expression of confusion is David's only response.

ALBERT PIKE (CONT'D)

She's quite the busy body wouldn't you say. Unruly even. Defiant by nature it seems. Like her mother, perhaps?

David wipes his dry mouth. He's mesmerized by the grotesque visage before him.

ALBERT PIKE (CONT'D)

I too had a little one once, who ran away. She was an ignorant little girl. But when I caught her I cured her ignorance with the lessons that only pain can teach us. As you did with your little one.

David begins to jitter.

DAVID

What do you mean?

ALBERT PIKE

It's all right, boy. Lies are as natural as the breath that carries them. The only judgement that matters is that which you render upon yourself. Are you aware your wife is looking to take your little girl away from you. You are going to lose another child. What will you do about this?

David rises from his chair.

DAVID

I... I know what you have in mind.

Albert SLAMS his fist against the table.

ALBERT PIKE

That little cunt belongs to you!
Who does she think she is?

Albert calms himself.

ALBERT PIKE (CONT'D)

What has become of our society. A delusion festers that the inferior is equal to the superior. But we know better don't we, David.

Albert lifts the silver cover from the platter to reveal:

A small, headless body on its knees bound forward, its arms tied behind the back with twine. The skin roasted to a golden crisp, like that of a roasted turkey. A chunk of its buttock's meat is carved off.

ALBERT PIKE (CONT'D)

There is nothing more divine than that of the flesh and blood of God's children. Relish its power.

David backs away from it shaking in horror...

DAVID

No... no... no! I would never..

ALBERT PIKE

Have a seat, Mr. Lancing.

David looks at Albert. David's hands tremble.

ALBERT PIKE (CONT'D)

Take. A. Seat.

David sits back down.

Albert take a large carving knife and shaves off a thick slice from the other buttocks. He places it on David's plate before him.

ALBERT PIKE (CONT'D)

You torture yourself with such voracity...

Albert then places the silverware, a knife and fork before David and waits for him to pick them up.

ALBERT PIKE (CONT'D)

Govern suffering upon your own mind...

David takes hold of the knife and fork in each hand.

ALBERT PIKE (CONT'D)

Due to your futile search for meaning in remission. Purpose in redemption. Without your quest for martyrdom you believe you shall be lost in the darkness of oblivion for all time to come. I can show you meaning with absolution. I can show you fulfillment beyond all satisfaction. You can have all you desire.

(MORE)

ALBERT PIKE (CONT'D)

You must emancipate yourself from
the shackles of your contrition.
And take it. I am proof of what is
possible.

David stares at the headless body on the plater then at the
meat in front of him.

Albert raises his hand and shakes his pointed index finger at
David's plate.

ALBERT PIKE (CONT'D)

Eat.

INT. BIG MIKE'S TAVERN -- NIGHT

Elizabeth sits at the bar, twirls the unopened letter Father
Cannon had given her. She sips on a beer with a thousand-yard
stare into nothing.

A small group of PATRONS play the bar trivia game in the
background. They cheer and jeer with right and wrong answers.

"BIG" MIKE, 45, comes up to Elizabeth. Gives her a fresh
drink.

MIKE

(re: trivia game)

You playing tonight, Liz?

ELIZABETH

Nope. Just came because I was
thirsty.

MIKE

That letter the thing making you so
thirsty?

Elizabeth stops fiddling with the letter.

ELIZABETH

You knew Greg Howard all that well?

MIKE

Yep. Best as anyone of us could.
Poor guy. I figured he had
problems, but it was always
hearsay. He'd talk up a storm with
ya, but it was always small talk.
Nothin' meaningful. Herd he was
going around killing pets before
he... well... it's sad. You knew
him?

ELIZABETH

No. Not really. Talked to him once.
That's it.

Elizabeth downs the drink.

MIKE

Well I suppose the saddest part is
ain't no one gonna really miss him
around here. Even in this small ass
town.

Elizabeth furrows her brow at that thought. Then pushes her
empty beer bottle to Mike.

ELIZABETH

Can I get another one, please.

MIKE

Yes you can.

Mike walks off.

Elizabeth opens up the letter.

LETTER: "My Dear sweet, Elizabeth Grace Bell...

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

My Dear sweet, Elizabeth Grace
Bell...

INT. BLACK VOID.

A mouth of a man, could be Greg Howard, could be some other
sinister author of the letter.

MOUTH/MALE VOICE

...I whisper your name out loud
over and over. The sound of it,
"Grace", in my ears. The taste of
it under my tongue as I mouth it.
"Grace". It eases my mind. My pain.
The sight of your face is
medication against the insidious
virus of my demonic thoughts. But
even with that inoculation I fear,
your fair face is wearing thin
against it. Against my own
darkness..."

BACK TO SCENE

Mike slides the fresh beer next to Elizabeth, who jumps at the action.

MIKE

I sure hope your nerves aren't failing you again.

Elizabeth gets up from her bar stool. Folds the letter, tucks it away. Grabs the beer.

ELIZABETH

(re: beer)

Mind if I take this one for the road?

MIKE

Long as you're not driving, don't mind one bit.

ELIZABETH

It's a nice night for a walk.

MIKE

It's suppose to start raining again. Sure you don't want me to call a cab?

Elizabeth stumbles a little, but keeps herself composed.

ELIZABETH

Not to worry, Mikey. I'm aalllll good. Besides rain will do me some good.

MIKE

You'll catch your death in the rain this time of year. And I don't like the thought of you goin' about alone.

Too late she's practically out the door.

ELIZABETH

Me. Alone? Get used to it. I have.

She's gone.

INT. LANCING HOME/BED ROOM -- NIGHT

There's a packing-box set on the bed, Labeled: DAVID'S THINGS

Lucy exits the walk-in closet and places a pile of men's clothes into the box.

She goes back in -- returns with another set of mens clothes which she carelessly tosses into the box --

Her phone RINGS. Lucy digs out her phone from her purse. She looks at caller ID: ANONYMOUS CALLER

She answers...

LUCY

Hello?

No response, just dead air.

LUCY (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello? I can't hear you.
Hello?...

Still no response -- Then --

GIRLS VOICE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Mom.

LUCY

Hello. Who is this?

GIRLS VOICE (V.O.)

Mom.

LUCY

Brooke. Brooke is that you?

GIRLS VOICE (V.O.)

Mom? I'm afraid of Daddy --

The call ends.

Lucy puts down her phone. Perplexed by a voice which sounded so familiar to her.

HALL

Lucy peeks in on her sleeping daughter. Brooke looks peaceful as an angel. Lucy softly closes the door again.

BED ROOM

Lucy walks back to the box of clothes.

She spots in one of David's jacket pockets a red scarf with pink hearts on it. She takes it out of the pocket and holds it up. She smells the fabric. Sits on the edge of her bed and weeps into it.

INT. PIKE MANOR/FOYER -- NIGHT

Elizabeth enters from outside. She calls out...

ELIZABETH
David? David, you here?

Elizabeth shuts the door behind her. She peeks into the living room, no one. She moves on...

DINING ROOM

It looks aged, empty, cold. Elizabeth continues on...

HALL

Elizabeth makes her way towards the kitchen--

then: something SLIDES across the floor from upstairs. She pauses. Looks up at the ceiling. Goes to the stairs and follows them up to the...

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

The door at the end of the hall with the latch and eye-slot is wide open.

Elizabeth stares into the room, tries to make out what's in the darkness just beyond the doorway.

A voice seeps from the room and floats to her ear.

VOICE (O.S.)
Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH
David?

Elizabeth moves toward the room. One step at a time.

The voice seeps again. Elizabeth gets closer.

VOICE (O.S.)
Please. Grace. Please.

Elizabeth gets a few feet from the doorway. Stops.

ELIZABETH
David?

Elizabeth stares into the darkness. She grows more concern--

David emerges from the darkness of the room--

Elizabeth jumps back.

David looks pale, his shirt stained in blood.

DAVID

I'm sorry. I seem to be making a habit of frightening you.

ELIZABETH

God. I seem to be making a habit of being frightened.

(notices the blood)

Your shirt. Is that blood?

David gives a coy smile.

DAVID

My head was... huh... leaking again. It's all fine now.

ELIZABETH

Oh. Okay. We're you whispering my name just now?

DAVID

No. I just saw you standing in the hall and came out to greet you.

ELIZABETH

You don't look so good, David. Maybe you need someone to look at your head or something. I think I should take you to the hospital.

DAVID

I'm fine. It's all better now. I'm fine, really. Just need a little R'n'R is all.

David moves pass Elizabeth. He heads down the stairs, almost as if he were sleepwalking.

Elizabeth follows him.

ELIZABETH

I still think you should have your head checked out, just in case.

DOWNSTAIRS HALL

David moves to the kitchen.

DAVID
In case of what? I'm fine. Just
hungry.

KITCHEN

David goes to the fridge.

Elizabeth follows him in.

ELIZABETH
David. I'm worried about you.

David looks up from the fridge at Elizabeth.

DAVID
Why are you here?

ELIZABETH
I'm worried.

David closes the fridge. He steps closer to Elizabeth.

DAVID
Worried about what?

David waits a moment for Elizabeth to answer but she's
finding it hard to put into words. David smiles.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I don't think that's quite the
reason why you're here.

Elizabeth edges herself back towards the hall. Bumps into the
wall with her back. She ignores David's remark.

ELIZABETH
You said you thought that... that
the maintenance man might have been
hanging around here. Did you ever
see him? Talk to him?

DAVID
No.

David comes closer to her.

ELIZABETH
I... I was wondering... this is
probably a weird question to ask...
but have you been having any
strange thoughts?

DAVID

You have the most stunning eyes. Is that a strange thought?

Elizabeth looks to the floor, then at the ceiling.

ELIZABETH

David... I... he...

David steps closer to her.

DAVID

Is it weird that I've been thinking about you a lot, lately?

ELIZABETH

David... please I...

David leans in gently brushes her cheek with the long scar. Elizabeth flinches, built-in reaction from years of shame.

David leans in again and kisses her. She hesitates but doesn't push him away either.

DAVID

It's okay.

David continues to kiss her, she then reciprocates.

BEDROOM

David and Elizabeth tumble onto the bed without unlocking lips. Clothes are ripped from flesh and tossed to the floor.

Mouths, lick and suck on exposed body parts. Nails dig in, not letting go without leaving their mark.

Beneath the sheets they mount and interlock with each other. The intensity of their passion akin to that of savage animals. Fucking being a good verb. Their heavy moans and breathing culminate to a screaming climax.

LATER -- DEAD OF NIGHT

ELIZABETH

Is fast asleep. A gust of wind stirs her awake. Still in a haze she leans over to the side of the bed. David is fast asleep. She rolls back to her side-- with a gasp she sees--

Natalie. A pale apparition, her eyes wide and unblinking gaze at Elizabeth. She walks backwards, not taking her eyes off Elizabeth.

Elizabeth -- slack jawed -- watches as Natalie continues to walk back straight into the totem and disappears into it.

Elizabeth stares at the large, looming totem in the corner of the room. The carvings on the totem of the people being tortured and eaten alive seem to scream out in pain-- move even. They SCREAM out to Elizabeth--

CUT TO:

LATER (DAY)

It's morning.

Elizabeth snaps awake. More like snaps out of a daze. She finds herself staring at the empty corner of the room.

She turns to the other side of the bed. David's not there.

She checks her phone. It's dead.

Elizabeth moves to the window. Pushes the curtains to the side to see rain fall from dark grey clouds.

She rubs her neck and winces at the tenderness of her skin.

BATHROOM

Elizabeth checks her reflection. The back of her neck is bruised with what seems like a bite mark. She spots another on her shoulder, her arm, her leg. She lifts her shirt and on her stomach is yet more bite mark bruises.

HALL

Elizabeth steps out into the hall, she calls out softly...

ELIZABETH

David?

A THUD comes from the closed door at the end of the hall. Where David had been the night before.

Elizabeth walks down the hall to the room -- to the door with the eye slot in it. She knocks on the door...

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

David? You in there.

She tries the handle but it's locked.

She looks at the latch on the door which covers the eyehole slot. She unlatches it then slides the cover open--

Two big, wide, unblinking eyes stare right at Elizabeth-- Elizabeth GASPS. Stumbles backward -- the EYES follow her. Elizabeth rushes down the stares.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Elizabeth makes her way to the kitchen. As she enters she sees David's back to her sitting at the table.

The SCRAPING of his silverware against a bone-china plate is a bit like scraping nails against chalkboard for Elizabeth.

Elizabeth catches her breath. She rounds to David's front side. Sees he's eating a plate of practically raw meat.

He cuts into it, then devours the meat. He looks up at Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

David, we need to leave this house.
There's something wrong-- please we
need to go. Please.

DAVID

Good morning to you too. Would you
like some breakfast?

David gestures to the meat. Elizabeth shakes her head.

ELIZABETH

No... no thank you.

David goes back to his plate and takes another bite.

DAVID

This is the best fucking meat I've
ever tasted. Did you stock the
fridge? Cause you've got to tell me
what kind of meat this is. Beef?
Deer?

ELIZABETH

I...I don't know. I didn't stock
the fridge. David, I-- I don't
think I can stay here.

David stops eating. He looks up at Elizabeth again, he can see the worry on her face.

DAVID

What's wrong? Are you okay? Was it last night? Are you regretting last night?

David gets a little aggressive.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Do you think it was a mistake? Was I a mistake for you, Grace?!

ELIZABETH

David... last night was not a mistake. Not for me. I just think maybe we should do something outside. Get out for awhile. And I'm not Grace.

David chuckles for a moment. Embarrassed.

DAVID

Elizabeth. Right. I'm sorry. I meant... Elizabeth. Liz. Lizzy. Betty. That's what I meant. You know you look so much like Grace. It's amazing.

ELIZABETH

(polite smile)

It's okay. Let's go do something in town, Huh, please.

David goes back to his plate, SCRAPES the bone-china as he cuts more meat and eats it. Then puts down the knife and fork. SIGHS...

DAVID

Okay. Sure. Let me get dressed first. Then we can do whatever you like. Out side in the rain even.

David gets up, gives Elizabeth a kiss on the cheek then walks off.

Now alone, and uneasy. She looks at the plate of meat with slight disgust. A couple of flies land on the pieces of meat.

Elizabeth then hears the shower start running upstairs.

ELIZABETH

(to herself)

C'mon, David.

BATHROOM

The shower water runs, hot steam fills the room. David behind the shower curtain, sings to himself.

DAVID
(singing)
*She'll be comin' round the mountain
when she comes. She'll be comin'
round the mountain when she comes.*

The knob on the bathroom door turns then the door swings open, quiet, slow, and purposeful onto the empty hallway.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(singing)
*She'll be driving six white horses
when she comes. We will kill the
red roaster, when she comes. Oh
we'll drink the blood, when she
comes. We'll eat the crow when she
comes. She'll be comin' round the
mountain when she comes.*

KITCHEN

She takes a moment to listen to David's odd tune coming from upstairs.

ELIZABETH
(to herself)
C'mon hurry up.

Elizabeth then, grabs a glass from the cupboard and goes to the fridge, she opens it--

DEAD ANIMALS fill the fridge. The grey cat, various rodents, the wolf from earlier. Most are partially skinned and gutted, flesh stripped away from certain parts of the bodies, but all still have their heads.

Elizabeth backs away in horror. She hears the water shut off upstairs. She beelines to the front door.

EXT. PIKE MANOR/PORCH -- DAY

As Elizabeth comes out of the front door.

Another car pulls into the driveway. Marco hops out, rushes to Elizabeth, who is clearly distraught.

MARCO
Hey, hey, hey. What's going on,
Liz?

ELIZABETH
I think something is very wrong
with David.

Marco looks towards the house.

MARCO
What happened? Did he do something?

ELIZABETH
I just want to go. I want to get
out of here. Please!

MARCO
Okay. Okay. Let's go.

INT. BUNNY'S PIE AND PASTRY DINER - DAY

WAITRESS, 20s, pours coffee into Elizabeth's and Marco's
cups. She notices Elizabeth's far-off, vacant look. Looks at
Marco a moment then back to Elizabeth.

WAITRESS
Just let me know if you want
something to eat.

ELIZABETH
Thanks.

Tammy glares once more at Marco, then leaves them.

MARCO
So what happened?

ELIZABETH
I've heard the stories, but I never
thought they were true.

MARCO
What stories?

ELIZABETH
That house. Albert Pike. Father
Malick. Now... David... he's...
he's in danger... other people
might be too...

MARCO

What the fuck are you going on about. What happened?

ELIZABETH

My mother told me these stories about how Father Malick killed and ate three children when the church turned that house into an orphanage in the nineteen-twenties. At his trial he blamed it on Albert Pike-- who had did the same thing to his entire family fifteen years earlier and was dead at the time-- suicide-- but his evil presence was still in that house. I thought they were horror stories, you know, to keep us kids away from going up there. Now Greg Howard, the maintenance guy we hired to do some fixing up at the house, just committed suicide. But not before writing a suicide slash love letter to me. Claiming that his thoughts of killing and eating his wife and children were driving him insane. And I was the only one he could express it too.

Elizabeth takes out the letter to show Marco.

MARCO

Okay. Liz, calm down. Breathe a little.

Elizabeth takes a moment to ease her excitement.

MARCO (CONT'D)

It's going to take a little more than Some urban myths and a nutter to convince me that demons and ghouls exist. Okay. Look I read all about that shit too. The church sent over a full dossier on the house with a big "warning" sticker on it. But that's just superstition. The church wouldn't have a job if it didn't make up shit like that.

ELIZABETH

Marco, if you saw what I saw, felt what I felt in that house.

(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

I can fucking guarantee you that not believing it would be the crazy part. There is real danger in there. Danger for David-- and for anyone around him.

MARCO

Liz, what did he do?

Elizabeth rolls up her sleeve to reveal the bruises on her arm, in the shape of bite marks.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Jesus... that fucker.

Marco goes to stand, but Elizabeth calms him down.

ELIZABETH

Please sit. He didn't do it on purpose. Or at least it was somewhat... consensual.

MARCO

What the fuck?

ELIZABETH

We... I spent the night last night. Things got intimate between us. It might have... even... gotten a little... bit rough.

MARCO

Jesus Christ, Liz. I asked you to keep an eye on him. Not... do this. He's unstable. He's fucked up in the head.

ELIZABETH

I'm getting that picture now. I found dead animals in the fridge-- I think he's been eating them raw. I think Greg Howard was doing the same thing.

MARCO

And you think it's because the house is evil or Albert's spirit or whatever is making him do this shit? I can't speak for that Greg guy but David blew a hole in his fucking head. Nothing supernatural about it. He just needs help.

(takes a breath)

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

I thought some fresh air, some time away would help. But clearly I was wrong.

ELIZABETH

I'm worried about him.

MARCO

I gotta go in there and get him to sign the divorce papers. Sign over full custody of Brooke to Lucy. And you're telling me he might very well be on edge of harming himself or someone else. Mother of god almighty. This sucks the big one.

ELIZABETH

Marco, there's something in that house. Something evil. Don't just brush it off. I think you should give-- or sell it back to the church.

MARCO

Why do you say that? Did father-- what's his name, talk to you?

ELIZABETH

Father Cannon.

MARCO

I see. Okay. I understand now.

ELIZABETH

What?

MARCO

They want the property back. It's prime real estate and they want it back. Market is on the upswing again. So they're feeding you this bull shit.

ELIZABETH

No-- okay-- even if you don't believe it, please believe that I think he is a real danger.

MARCO

Liz, he scared you. I've seen it before. He can be a scary guy sometimes. He can get in a mood. And he's a bastard drunk.

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

But he's not evil-- and he's not fucking possessed by some boogie-man. He's a little broken in the head is all. He's Humpty Dumpty who fell off the wall and I'm worried I can't put him back together again.

Marco gets up from his seat.

ELIZABETH

Where are you going?

Marco pulls out some bills from his wallet.

MARCO

To talk to David.

ELIZABETH

Not in the house, Marco. Talk to him outside or something. But not in the house.

MARCO

Liz, I own that house. The church is not getting it back. And I know David. I'll be fine. Okay?

Elizabeth only gives him a look of grave concern.

ELIZABETH

No. Not okay.

Marco tosses the bills on the table.

MARCO

Well don't worry about me. I'll call you later.

He exits the cafe.

EXT. GIRL GUIDES OF AMERICA BUILDING -- DAY

Rain speckles the ground. Lucy hurries Brooke along to the car before they get wet.

CAR

Lucy gets into the front with Brooke. She notices Brooke holds a tape recorder.

LUCY

What's that you got there?

BROOKE
Natalie left me a message.

She holds up the recorder.

LUCY
Can I see, sweetheart?

BROOKE
Sure.

Lucy takes it...

LUCY
Where did you get this?

Brooke points to the glove box.

BROOKE
In there. I think it was dad's.

Lucy furrows her brow, then presses play.

NOTE: Natalie and David are heard through the tape recorder.

NATALIE (V.O.)
(filtered/Singing)
*I'm gonna rise up to the sky. I'm
gonna be a shining star. I'm gonna
be--*

DAVID (V.O.)
(filtered)
Can you please stop that! I'm
trying to concentrate on the road.

NATALIE (V.O.)
But I'm writing a song.

DAVID (V.O.)
You can do it when we get home. I'm
driving and I need quiet.

NATALIE (V.O.)
But I don't want to forget it.

DAVID (V.O.)
Then say the words don't scream
them--

Tape jump-cuts forward to another point in time.

NATALIE (V.O.)
Why can't I sleep over. I hate you,
I hate you-- I'm going to tell mom
you're drinking again--

Tape jump-cuts forward.

The background of rain and the faint call of "Natalie" by David in the background audio.

NATALIE (V.O.)
Brooke, it's Nat. I'm running away,
but we can leave messages for each
other with this. I'll leave it by
the playhouse in the backyard. You
can leave messages on it for me.
Just return it to the playhouse and
I'll pick it up--

David's voice comes louder and louder until...

DAVID (V.O.)
Didn't you hear me calling? You
little fucking bitch -- who the
fuck do you think you are, huh?

NATALIE (V.O.)
I'm sorry--

Tape jump-cuts forward in time again.

DAVID (V.O.)
Lucy. Lucy, Lucy, Lucy... my
diamond in the sky. Let's stop
pretending. I know I'm a
disappointment to you... I'm
worthless, pathetic... Let's speak
the truth for once. The truth will
set us free... free from
ourselves...

It's silent for a few moments... then-- a high-pitch SCREAM.
Unnatural in pitch and in its sustainability, pierces their
ear-drums causing Lucy to drop the recorder on the floor.

She scurries to pick it up and hits STOP--

The scream goes silent.

Brooke looks at her mother with tear glossed eyes. Lucy draws
her into her arms and hugs her.

EXT. PIKE MANOR -- DAY

More rain.

Marco's car pulls up through the gates and up to the house.

INT. FOYER -- DAY

Marco enters. He looks around. It's quiet. He peeks into the living room. A fire burns in the fireplace. He notices the totem...

DAVID
(to himself)
Where the hell did that come from?

With no sign of David, Marco continues on...

HALL

Marco calls out...

MARCO
David? Hey man, you here?!

No answer. David continues on...

KITCHEN

Marco opens the fridge-- sure enough there are all sorts of bloody, dead animals. Some half missing their bodies and just heads lie on the shelves.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

Marco closes the fridge again--

THUD. Something hard knocks against the floor upstairs, dust shakes loose from the ceiling. Marco looks up, tries to pinpoint the source of the sound. He then heads upstairs.

2ND FLOOR LANDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Marco sees the door at the end of the hall with the peep-slot in it, it's half open. A CRACK sound comes from within. He heads towards the door.

CHILDREN'S ROOM

The room has five old single beds, covered with white sheets. The walls are lined top to bottom like wallpaper with the "Missing" Posters of Natalie Lancing.

David sits on one of the beds. His profile to Marco. He stares at the Pike letters in his one hand. His lips move as he reads them just above his breath.

He doesn't notice Marco.

MARCO (CONT'D)

David?

David turns towards Marco.

DAVID

(surprised)

Marco. You're here.

MARCO

How's it going, man? Maybe the fresh air, getaway, wasn't such a good idea, huh?

(Looks around)

I'm starting to think maybe this whole B'n'B isn't such a great idea, either.

DAVID

What are you talking about, Marco?

MARCO

C'mon man, let's get out of this place. Have a doctor give you a check up. You don't look too well, man.

DAVID

I am a doctor.

MARCO

Sure, I mean, you were... besides, doctors are their own worse patients, right?

DAVID

I help people, Marco. I save lives.

MARCO

Sure buddy. But it's time you let me help you, okay. C'mon. I'll take you into town.

Marco steps toward David to help him up--

David springs up. In his other hand, unseen until it's too late, he holds a knife-- which he stabs Marco in his abdomen.

Marco, surprised and in shock: his first reaction is to look down at the large kitchen blade protruding from his abdomen.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Holy fuck, David. What the fuck?

The pain sets in. Marco stumbles backwards towards the door.

The room appears to change. The doorway moves farther from reach. The decor now as it was in the early 1900's. The "children's" room.

Marco falls onto his back. THUD. A similar thud he had heard earlier in the kitchen but crisper.

He still tries to escape, scurrying on his back to the doorway. Blood gushes from the knife embedded in his stomach.

Albert Pike now stands next to David. They both lurch forward towards Marco. Albert speaks into David's ear...

ALBERT PIKE

Eat his eyes. See what he sees. Eat his brain. Know what he knows. Eat his heart. Feel what he feels. Devour his flesh. Imbibe his blood. Inherit his soul.

Albert hands David an axe. David takes it.

Marco digs out his phone from his pocket-- speed dials a number--

David raises the axe above his head as he steps over top of Marco.

Marco tries to shield himself with his arm--

David SCREAMS-- brings the axe down onto Marco's head-- causes the second familiar CRACK sound-- This blow kills Marco instantly.

David breathes in and out with deep breaths.

UPSTAIRS HALL (LATER)

David drags Marco's body down the hall. The axe and knife still embedded into him. He drags him down the stairs.

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.)

Sister, I have awoken. I am no longer restrained. I am now the master of my domain.

(MORE)

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The shadows on the cave wall no longer my only knowledge of the world in which I was imprisoned. I've seen past the blinding light. I see all with simple clarity now.

DOWN STAIRS HALL

David drags the body to the cellar door then takes it down.

CELLAR

He brings Marco to the RED ROOM.

Removes his own clothes. Folds them and places them on a chair next to the room. Now naked, David drags the body into the room.

ALBERT PIKE (V.O.)

Man is comforted, drawn to, and seeks out that which is familiar. What is more familiar than that of death. Transformation. To become something new. Man to God. God to Man. Dark to light. Light to Dark.

RED ROOM

David tears the shirt off of Marco. Removes the axe. Then places a meat hook into his back. Hoists him up and suspends him upsidedown.

David places a bucket under Marcos swaying head. Slices his throat, the blood drains into the bucket. David runs his hand under the cascading blood. He rubs it onto his skin.

EXT. BIG MIKE'S TAVERN/PARKING LOT -- DAY

Rain pours down. Elizabeth runs to; unlocks and hops into her car soaked to the bone.

ELIZABETH'S CAR

She checks her phone: 1 MISSED CALL with Marco's number. She checks her voice mail: nothing but a short burst of static.

She dials Marco's number... it rings and ring...

MARCO (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Hey, if it's Marco you're trying to reach, you called the right number but not at the right time. Leave a message and I'll get back to you.

BEEP.

ELIZABETH
 (into phone)
 Marco, it's Liz. Missed your call-- call me back. Please.

She hangs up. Then looks out at the darkening skies. The rain falls harder and harder.

INT. PIKE MANOR/CHILDREN'S ROOM -- DAY

On the floor next to Marco's shoulder bag is his phone. A blood stained hand picks up the cell phone. **ONE MISSED CALL Elizabeth Bell.**

David then bends down and opens the shoulder case. He scans the papers therein. They're the divorce papers.

Albert stands over David.

ALBERT PIKE
 The bitch thinks she can escape you. Take your child. Humiliate you. Perhaps it's time. Time to Show her the light. The truth. Make some use of her.

David dials a number in Marco's phone. The name association with the number is Lucy. It rings... until...

LUCY (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Hello?

David's blood stained mouth speaks. His voice sounds off but similar to that of Marco's.

DAVID
 Lucy?

INT. LUCY'S CAR (TRAVELING) -- CONTINUOUS

Lucy speaks into the hands-free phone as she drives. The rain pours down. The windshield wipers do their best to keep visibility of the road.

LUCY

Marco? Is everything okay?

DAVID (V.O.)

(filtered)

I'm here at the house. David isn't here. I think he took off. The woman I had looking after the property said he hasn't been here for days.

LUCY

What, where would he go? Anyways-- Marco I've got something to show you-- something that's freaking me out a little.

DAVID (V.O.)

Actually there's something I have to show you. I think you should really come up here. Right away.

LUCY

Now? I've got Brooke with me. Are you sure everything is okay. You sound off.

DAVID (V.O.)

This is really important. You need to see this for yourself, Luce. It has to do with Natalie. You won't believe what I found.

LUCY

Natalie? What is it?

DAVID (V.O.)

You've got to come up here-- it's important I show you-- before it's too late.

The line goes dead.

LUCY

Marco? Marco? Marco?

No answer.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 (to the car)
 Call Marco.

COMPUTER VOICE
 Calling Marco Alcon.

The phone rings and rings and rings until...

MARCO (V.O.)
 Hey, if you're looking for Marco
 you've called the right number but
 not at the right time. Leave a
 message and I'll--

LUCY
 (to the car)
 End Call. Call Marco.

COMPUTER VOICE
 Calling Marco Alcon

It rings and rings...

INT. PIKE MANOR/CHILDREN'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

David looks at the ringing phone in his hand then smashes it
 against the floor. The ringing ceases.

He then looks over to see Natalie staring at him from the
 corner of the room. She has a look of anger on her face.

David softens and smiles at her.

DAVID
 I found you, baby girl.

INT. LUCY'S CAR -- DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Lucy sits in her driveway. Lost in thought. She stares at the
 rain out side. The car idles... She then turns to Brooke who
 plays on her iPad...

LUCY
 Sweetie, we're going on a little
 road trip.

Brooke shrugs without taking her eyes of her iPad.

BROOKE
 Okay.

Lucy pulls out of the drive way.

EXT. PIKE MANOR/FRONT GATE -- DAY

Elizabeth's car pulls up to the gates that are swung open, inviting anyone to enter.

INT/EXT. ELIZABETH'S CAR

Elizabeth dials Marco's number...

MARCO (V.O.)
 You've got the right number, but
 not the right time. Leave a message-

Elizabeth hangs up. From her car she can see Marco's car in the driveway close to the house.

ELIZABETH
 (to herself)
 Fuck. C'mon. This is bullshit.
 Bullshit.

After a moment Elizabeth gets out of her car. She stands by her car and stares at the house, a grim frown on her lips.

She sighs. Then strides towards the front door.

EXT. PIKE MANOR/PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

As she's about to reach the front steps-- She spots a young pale white girl in the distance. Who stands along the surrounding tree line.

Elizabeth halts and stares at the girl.

The girl is Natalie who stares back at her.

Elizabeth beelines it toward Natalie, who stands still as a statue.

FORREST EDGE

She reaches Natalie and crouches to her eye level.

ELIZABETH
 What are you doing out here? You
 look like you're freezing. I'm Liz.
 What's your name?

Natalie stares at Elizabeth as if she doesn't understand her words. Then: coughs and gags as if choking on something.

Elizabeth grips Natalie by the shoulders.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 (panic)
 Are you okay? Are you choking?

Natalie continues to cough and tries to gasp for air-- she then bolts from Elizabeth's grip and into the trees.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 Hey!

Elizabeth follows. She chases the elusive sound of COUGHING. Not being able to find the young girl anywhere.

Soon she's surrounded only by the trees. The sky is dark and it's not long before she is disoriented to the point that she can't see where she came in, only an endless horizon of trees in every direction.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
 (calls out into the trees)
 Where are you?!

COUGHING echoes off the trees. Elizabeth picks a direction and runs. The COUGHING and GASPING seems to get louder.

Elizabeth pushes through foliage and brushes until she finally emerges into a clearing.

BROOK/STREAM

The rain has transformed the stream to a dangerous river.

On the other side of it is Natalie on the ground, choking and coughing, helpless.

Elizabeth looks for a safe way to cross the water, but can't find one.

Fearing for the life of the girl, she hops in. The water comes up to her ribs. She grips on to dead branches to steady herself against the current. She makes her way across.

Elizabeth pulls herself out. Now on the other side, but Natalie is nowhere to be seen once again.

(ELIZABETH'S VISION)

In fact everything looks different. The trees are replaced with abandoned buildings that are gutted of its windows and doors. Large holes in the walls and pieces of the roof missing.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. PIKE MANOR -- NIGHT

Night has fallen, but the rain continues its relentless beating on top everything.

A pair of headlights appear at the gates and enlarge until they stop just in front of Marco's car.

EXT/INT. LUCY'S CAR

Lucy dials Marco's number.

MARCO (V.O.)
 (filtered with bad
 reception)
 Hey, ---- u're look ---- Marco
 you've ----- right number but not
 at ---- time. Leave -- message and
 I'll--

Lucy hangs up. She looks in the back at Brooke who is fast asleep. Turns back to look through the windshield-- the wipers squeak back and fourth, she sees Marco's car and the house highlighted by her high-beams.

Lucy gets out of the car, leaves her daughter asleep in the back. She hurries towards the house.

(BACK TO ELIZABETH'S VISION)

EXT. ABANDON BUILDING -- DAY

The rain falls heavy. Elizabeth tries to cover herself, but with little effect. She hurries toward the building.

INT. ABANDON BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

As she enters she stumbles upon Natalie being strangled by a man-- his back to her.

His large hands pull taught a pink scarf with red hearts on it. Tightly wrapped around Natalie's tiny neck.

Natalie stares at Elizabeth with her big blue watery eyes.

Elizabeth runs at the man. Grabs hold of him and tries to yank him off Natalie. But he doesn't budge from his hold. Elizabeth, tugs, hits, yanks, but to no effect.

ELIZABETH

Let her go! I swear to god. I'll
kill you, you mother fucker! Let
her go!

The man ignores her all together and continues to strangle Natalie. He yells at the girl with such rage.

MAN

You little bitch. Who. The. Fuck.
Do you think you are? Huh? Who?

Natalie's almost mute COUGHING and CHOKING ceases and she goes limp, her eyes roll up into her eyelids.

Elizabeth steps back in horror.

The man releases his grip on Natalie.

Her body falls to the floor.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. PIKE MANOR/LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The fire ever-burns. Music plays some haunting tune from a piano.

Lucy walks in to see someone playing the piano, believing it to be Marco at first, then quickly realizes it's not.

LUCY

David?

David stops playing. But the piano continues on (the mechanical device). He turns to face Lucy. He smiles.

DAVID

Lucy. Love. Look, a ghost piano.

Then the piano stops its tune.

LUCY

Where's Marco? He said you were
gone.

David stands up.

DAVID

He's here. Upstairs I think.
Actually... I think he's
downstairs. I can take you to him.

David takes a step towards her. Lucy takes a step backward.

LUCY

You don't look well, David.

DAVID

Everyone keeps saying that. I feel good. I feel fine. But looks can be deceiving. Like people. They can look at you with loving eyes and a smile while they undermine everything you do. They aim to break you down into little subhuman pieces. Sabotage your name and reputation. What are we? But the sum of our memories... our legacy.

LUCY

David, you're acting strange--

DAVID

We had two beautiful children together. We lost one of them together, sure. But we've been through hell and back together. And now you want to give up on us? We did some really good fucking together.

LUCY

I'm sorry you're going through some difficult times right now, but you've got to come to grips with reality. We're not going to be doing anything together anymore--

DAVID

Shut the fuck up!

Lucy edges backwards towards the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Wait. Wait. I'm sorry. It's just well... you talk and talk and talk and It drives me... well a bit... bat-shit crazy. Have you ever taken a real good listen to yourself. Huh?

Lucy calls out down the hall.

LUCY
Marco!

DAVID
Where he is, it's hard to hear.

David steps closer.

DAVID (CONT'D)
C'mon, I'll show you.

Lucy keeps her distant.

LUCY
That's all right. I'll go alone.

David stops within an arms reach of her.

DAVID
Okay.

LUCY
Where is he?

David points down the hall.

DAVID
Downstairs. The door is just over there.

Lucy turns her back to David to move down the hall.

David grabs Lucy by the back of her hair and jerks her back in to the living room. Lucy crashes to the floor.

David steps between her and the exit.

Lucy looks up at David, towering over her. Fear in her eyes.

LUCY
David. Please. Let me go.

DAVID
I said shut the fuck up. Who the fuck do you think you are? I mean, look at you. All you women are the fucking same. Weak, snivelling, pathetic bitches. Every time I think about how I loved you. Gave my life and soul to you. It makes me want to vomit.

LUCY
(screams out)
Marco!

DAVID
You really think Marco is any
position to help you?

LUCY
What did you do?

David smiles at her. A sheepish grin.

DAVID
What did I do? What. Did. I. Do.

LUCY
Please... let me go. Brooke is
waiting for me in the car.

David looks towards the windows.

DAVID
You brought her here?

Lucy nods yes with wet eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)
That's good. I can show her how her
mother is nothing more than just a
piece of meat. Just like a pig.

INT. ABANDON BUILDING (VISION)

Elizabeth continues to slowly back away from the man.

The man leans forward to pick up a tape-recorder from the
ground, then the scarf from around Natalie's neck.

He stands up right again. Looks at the two items. Then at
Natalie. He begins to weep.

Elizabeth keeps a steady eye on his back not looking as she
steps backwards, until she backs up against the wall.

The weeping man turns around-- it's David of course.

DAVID
I didn't do this. I... didn't...
mean to.

David then darts towards her, he slams into her. Wraps his
hand around her throat, choking her:

FLASH

INT. PIKE MANOR/LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth is blinded by a white light, then finds herself on the floor in the living room of Pike Manor.

ELIZABETH'S P.O.V AS LUCY

David is on top of her choking her. A craze look in his eyes. Elizabeth struggles to breathe, to free herself but can't.

David SCREAMS with rage, then bites into the side of Elizabeth's face-- she screams-- blood gushes from the wound--

FLASH

VISION ENDS

EXT. PIKE MANOR/GROUNDS -- NIGHT

Elizabeth lies on her back at the tree line. She had not moved from the spot she first saw Natalie it seems.

She's soaked to the bone. She comes to. Shivering she spins back towards the house. In the drive way is another car. Lucy's car.

EXT. PIKE MANOR/DRIVE WAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Elizabeth checks out Lucy's car: it's empty. The back door wide open.

Elizabeth goes to the front door. It's locked. She takes out her keys and inserts it into the door but it does nothing. She pounds on the door.

INT. PIKE MANOR/LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Brooke stands in the hall and looks into the living room. No sounds of Elizabeth's fists pounding at the front door can be heard. Just the CRACKLE of the fire roaring in the hearth.

The demonic totem larger than ever looms over her.

A pool of blood in the middle of the floor has a large blood trail that streaks past her and down the hall to the door to the cellar at the end.

A voice calls to her from down in the cellar.

DAVID (O.S.)
 Brooke, sweetie. Come down. You're
 mom's down here. Come down here.
 We're waiting.

EXT. PIKE MANOR/FRONT DOOR -- CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth stops pounding at the door. She looks at the windows next to the door. She attempts to peak in but they're opaque with something red on the inside. She tries to open the windows but they too won't budge.

ELIZABETH
 Fuck, fuck, fuck!

INT. PIKE MANOR/HALL -- CONTINUOUS

Brooke stands at the top of the stair case. Stares down to the cellar's dirt floor. She waits, hesitant, a little frightened to go down. She calls down.

BROOKE
 Dad? Mom?

DAVID (O.S.)
 We're down here sweetheart. Come
 down, honey.

Brooke takes a step down.

EXT. PIKE MANOR/PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth returns from her car with a crowbar in hand. She first tries prying open the door. But after a couple of failed attempts to open it. She takes it to the window and smashes the glass panes.

She crawls through the window.

INT. PIKE MANOR/PARLOR -- CONTINUOUS

It's dark. There are no lights save from the dim light coming in from the broken window. Elizabeth feels her way to the door, opens it--

Natalie stands on the other side. Elizabeth jolts back, startled. Natalie stares, unblinking at Elizabeth. Natalie steps back from the doorway to allow Elizabeth through.

HALL

Elizabeth steps cautiously into the hall, it's extremely dim, lit mostly by the fire from the living room.

Elizabeth keeps an eye on Natalie as she moves past her. Natalie keeps her unblinking eye on Elizabeth.

Elizabeth steps past the living room and spots the pool of blood on the hard wood floor.

Her eyes traces the streak of blood from the pool out the living room and down the hall to the door at the end. It's clear that an adult body had been dragged down it.

She looks back at Natalie who continues to watch her with her wide, unblinking stare.

NATALIE

Save her.

Elizabeth then notices small footprints in the blood to the cellar door.

INT. CELLAR -- CONTINUOUS

Brooke gingerly steps one foot in front of the other until she reaches the doorway of the "red room".

She looks to the right of her: sees a neatly folded stack of mens clothing on an old wooden chair. Natalie's pink scarf with red hearts lay on top of the clothes as well.

She turns back to the doorway, the red room just beyond the threshold. It's dim, hard to make out any discernible objects. Brooke's lip quivers.

David's voice oozes out from beyond the doorway from within the darkness.

DAVID (O.S.)

Come in, sweetie. We're waiting.

Brooke's big eyes begin to water. She wipes the droplets from her cheeks.

David demands with a stern tone--

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I said get your butt in here.

This shakes Brooke a little.

After a moment Brooke takes a step closer, then another. One more and she traverses the doorway into the red room...

BOTTOM OF CELLAR STAIRS

Elizabeth catches a glimpse of Brooke as she disappears into the red room.

She darts after her--

The door slams shut as Elizabeth reaches the room.

She bangs on the door.

ELIZABETH

Open up! Hey! Open up!

She takes the crowbar wedges between the door and door-jam. With all her might she finally breaks the door. She swings it open.

She Readies her crowbar/weapon for combat.

As the door swings open, Elizabeth coils by an awful smell. She takes a moment then steps in.

RED ROOM

It's a large square space. Dimly lit by a few lights that dangle from the ceiling-- they manage to illuminate the blood red walls caked with both dried and fresh blood.

The tiled floor dips towards the center, where a drain is. It's sticky and a small stream of blood runs down it from a large table close to the center of the room.

On that table is Lucy's corpse. Already in mid dismemberment.

At the table is David with Brooke just in front of him. He helps her grip a large cutting cleaver...

DAVID

(to Brooke, teaching)

Now when you're strong enough you can do this on your own.

David guides Brooke's hand to swing the cleaver downward -- THWACK-- it gets caught half way into Lucy's neck in a half decapitation-- Blood sprays onto them.

Brooke cries.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Stop being a baby. You're not a baby, are you?

Brooke tries to stifle her tears.

Elizabeth gets closer. Cautious of her surroundings. She still grips the crowbar, ready to swing it.

ELIZABETH

Let her go.

David looks up to see Elizabeth, trembling, but a threat nonetheless.

DAVID

Sister Grace. I'm glad you're here.

ELIZABETH

Please, let her go.

DAVID

No. She's my responsibility. My girl. She's mine.

Elizabeth steps closer to David and Brooke. Steadies her crowbar. Looks at Brooke, who silently stares back at her.

David has his hands on Brooke's shoulders using her a bit like a shield.

DAVID (CONT'D)

We can have fun together, Sister.
You ease my heavy heart. Brighten
my dark days when I think of you.

(then)

Peeling that beautiful skin off
your bone. I'm hoping you live long
enough to see what you truly look
like underneath.

Brooke grabs the cleaver with both hands, yanks it out from her mother's neck and swings at her father-- it catches his wrist-- cuts it. Not enough to do any real damage-- David knocks the cleaver from Brooke's hold--

Elizabeth leaps forward ceasing the opportunity and whacks David's head with the crowbar-- he stumbles backwards. Fumbles to the floor, dazed.

Elizabeth snags Brooke and pulls her towards the door.

They run out.

CELLAR

Brooke is having trouble keeping up. Elizabeth doesn't ease up her grip or pace. They reach the stairs. Elizabeth lifts her up and carries her up.

RED ROOM

David presses his palm to his head, he flinches with the contact, it stings. He attempts to get up but loses balance and fumbles back to the floor again.

Albert stands next to him.

ALBERT PIKE

You have two options, my boy. Get up, track them down, and slaughter them with your own two hands. Or take your own meaningless life. What will it be?

David gets to his feet. Snatches the large cleaver.

ALBERT PIKE (CONT'D)

There's no finer sight than that of flesh being split open by a well crafted blade and watching the crimson flow.

David rushes out the door.

ALBERT PIKE (CONT'D)

(calls out after him)

I've made you want to live again, dear boy. Live to revel in death.

EXT. PIKE MANOR/PORCH -- NIGHT

HEAVY RAIN beats down on everything.

Elizabeth and Brooke burst out the front door.

As Elizabeth descends the slippery porch steps she slips and slams her back and head hard against the steps. She screams out in agony.

Brooke tries to help her up, but the pain immobilizes her.

A groan comes from inside the house-- a scream of madness.

She feels the back of her head, there's blood.

ELIZABETH

Go. Run. Run!

David bursts out onto the porch.

Brooke takes off. Runs towards the trees. Elizabeth maneuvers to the side of the stairs.

David spots Brooke. Screams at the world.

DAVID

Brooke! Baby! Don't you run from me!

David takes a few steps-- Elizabeth grabs hold of his leg-- he tumbles forward. Hits the ground. Loses his cleaver.

In extreme pain Elizabeth tries to hold onto David. David kicks Elizabeth in the head with his free leg-- knocks her unconscious.

David gets to his feet scans the area. The night and hard rain makes it difficult to see. He spots a shape moving in the distance. He goes after it.

TREE LINE

Brooke hears the SCREAMS of madness.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Brooke. I'm not going to hurt you.

She looks behind her. David closes in.

She slips into the trees.

PORCH

Elizabeth comes to. She's in a lot of pain. Struggles to her feet. She can't move too fast without a jolt of pain in her back and face. She continues on after Brooke and David anyway.

FOREST

Brooke runs for her life, she tries desperately to stay a head of her father. Not sure where she's going. Turns one direction then another.

David stops. He's lost Brooke. He watches and listens-- Movement-- David snaps in the direction of it-- nothing.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Brooke, baby. Love. It's not safe out here. You'll catch a cold, honey. Come back inside...

(can't help himself)

Where I can crack open your skull and eat your fucking darling baby brains!

Brooke darts out from some bushes.

David pursues.

CLEARING/RIVER BANK

Brooke comes onto the river bank-- the river flows fast and furious due to the all the rain. The waters are dangerous. It's a dead end for her.

Brooke hears the approaching calls of her father...

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Brooke! Honey! Don't run from your
father!

Frightened. Not sure what to do. Brooke scans the area for an answer...

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Honey. The game is over. Daddy's
tired. I'm not feeling well, baby
doll. I need you.

David steps out into the clearing.

It's hard to see, but he spots his daughter climbing into the river-- the water rushes with great speeds.

David rushes over to the edge of the bank.

As she steps farther into the water-- up to her waist.

David hops in to the rapids and grabs her arm...

DAVID (CONT'D)
I've got you now you little bitch.

His daughter turns to face him-- it's Natalie-- David is slacked-jaw for a moment.

Then: a rush of water pushes dead wood and logs-- smacks hard against his head-- shoving him all the way under water and into the strong current.

David struggles to get hold of something solid but to no avail, he's swept away. Cracks his head against a rock and goes over the waterfall.

Brooke comes out from behind a bush. She stares at Natalie, who is still in the middle of the river, unaffected by its forces.

They stare at each other for a moment, then: Natalie is swallowed up by another rush of overpowering water, she's gone.

BROOKE

Continues to stare at the rushing river, the rain washes the blood off her face.

A voice can be heard calling near by.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
Brooke, Brooke... Brooke?

Brooke's big eyes continue their thousand mile gaze. Unflinching. Not a single blink.

EXT. PIKE MANOR/GROUNDS -- DAY

The ground looks tidy, the house freshly painted. It's spring.

TITLE: OPENING DAY

At the gates a wood sign greets travelers.

SIGN: WELCOME TO FALLS CITY BED & BREAKFAST.

Newly widowed and dressed in black, Marco's wife, Pam, hangs another little sign.

SMALL SIGN: NOW OPEN. ALL WELCOME.

She straightens the sign, takes in her surroundings, then walks alone back to the isolated house. She enters the door and closes it

THE END